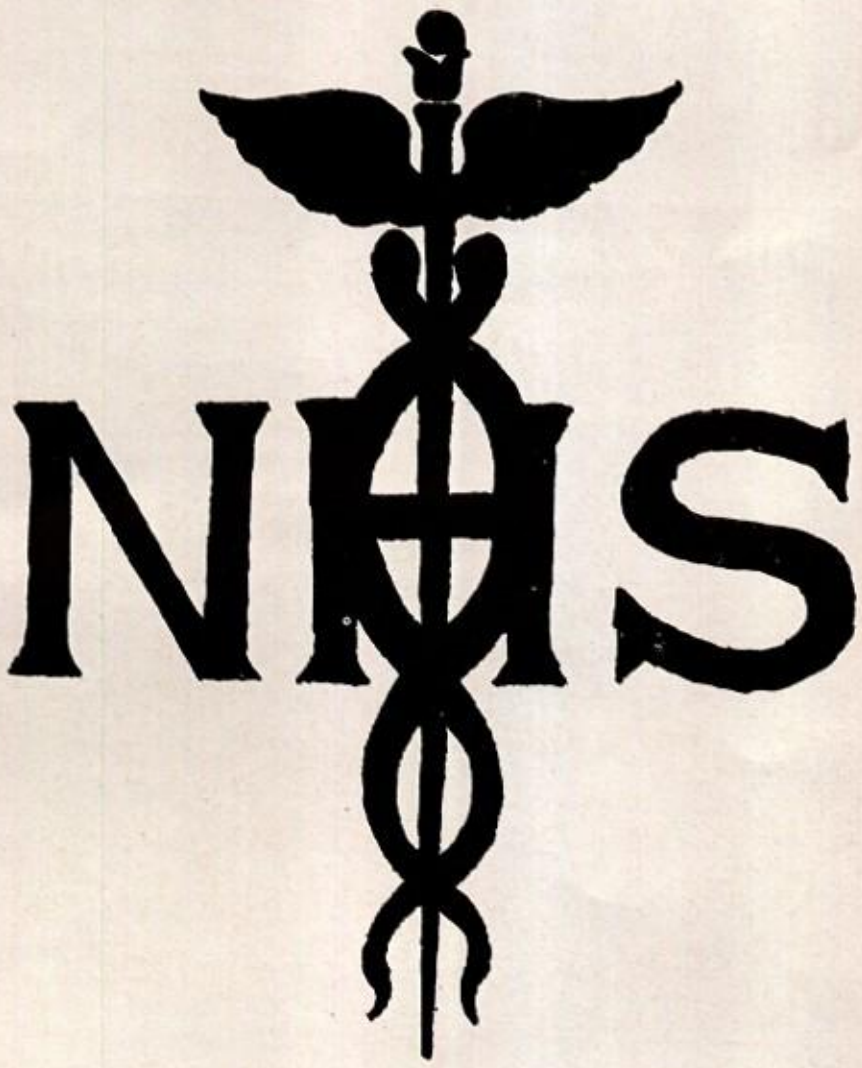
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANIELS

Caduceus 1958

JUNE 1958

THE CADUCEUS



Published Annually

by Students of

Norway High School

NORWAY, MAINE

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-EIGHT

PRINTED BY ADVERTISER-DEMOCRAT, NORWAY, MAINE

DEDICATION

John F. Roberts

Ruth N. Greenleaf

The Senior Class of 1958 gratefully dedicates this Caduceus to Mr. Roberts and Mrs. Greenleaf in acknowledgment of the many beneficial services they have rendered us in the past four years.

A TRIBUTE

TO

Josephine, Barbara, Margaret, Ralph and Henry

There is a destiny that makes us brothers;
None goes his way alone:
All that we send into lives of others
Comes back into our own.

HOTEL STONE

PARLOR

reenleaf
glish

are

loyal

hearts.

Guy E. Rowe
Principal
Science

John Roberts
Driving Training
Social Studies

Theirs

are

spirits

brave.

THEY GIVE TO YOU THE BEST THEY H

Mollie Bryant
English—Coach

Ve

S

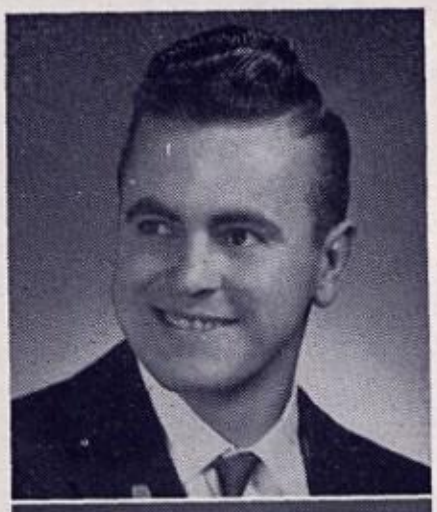
R

CADUCEUS STAFF

Editor-in-chief	Dennise Dullea
Assistant	Walter Matson
Literary Editor	Sylvia Harlow
Assistant	Judith Broderson
Sports Editor	Elizabeth Dunn
Assistant	Robert Cutting
Alumni Editor	Douglas Haines
Assistant	Jane Erickson
Art Editor	Richard Cleveland
Assistant	Dunton Crane
Business Manager	George Brown
First Assistant	Glenn Tikkanen
Second Assistant	David Brown
Senior Section	Eugene Richardson
Assistant	Bonnell Terry
Faculty Adviser	Mr. Ayer

Standing: Lawrence Noyes, Jeanene Wyman, Geraldine Hoyle
Seated: Thelma Cordwell, Rachel Thomas, Sandra Fickett

TYPISTS



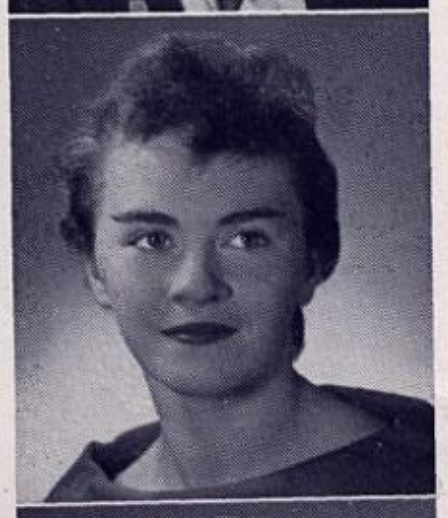
MAURICE JOSEPH ARSENAULT

Felix

We are never so happy, nor so unhappy as we imagine

Course: Industrial Arts

Plans for Future: Painter



BETTY LOUISE BEAN

Bet

Personality is the corner stone of success

Course: Commercial

Plans for Future: Undecided

Activities: F. B. L. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; F. H. A. 1, 2. 3, 4; Pin 3; Ram Staff 3, 4; Assistant Joke Editor 3; Joke Editor 4; Glee Club 1, 2; Volleyball 2; Archery 2; Bowling 2.

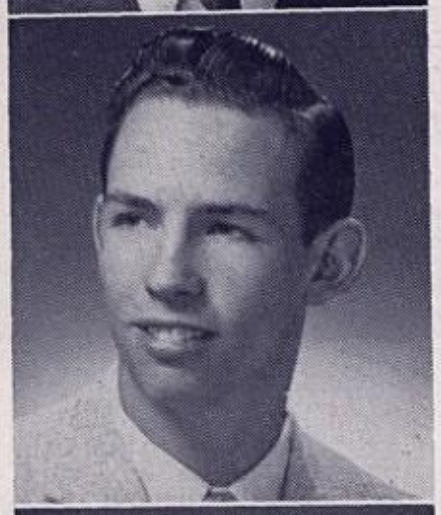
ARTHUR PETER BRAUN

Braunzo

So little done—so much to do

Course: Industrial Arts

Plans for Future: Air Force



GEORGE ROBERT BROWN

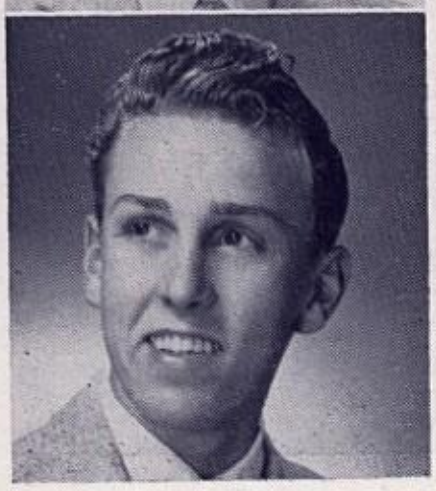
Brownie

Men of few words are the best men

Course: College

Plans for Future: Navy

Activities: Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Co-captain 4; Caduceus Staff 2, 3, 4; Assistant Business Manager 3; Business Manager 4; Baseball 1; Basketball 1; Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2; F. & L. Club 2, 3, 4; Vice-President 4; Class Treasurer 4; Music Festival 3.



DONALD DUANE BURNS

Stud

A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men

Course: Commercial 1, 2; Industrial Arts 3, 4

Plans for Future: Undecided

Activities: Basketball 1, 2, 3; Baseball 1, 2; Football 1; F. B. L. A. 2, 3, 4.

"They Tell Me That Life Can Be Just What I Make It

RICHARD BRIAN CLEVELAND

Dick

One of the fellows who's got our o. k.

Course: College

Plans for Future: College

Activities: Basketball 1; Baseball 1; F. & L. Club 2, 3, 4; Student Council 3; Caduceus Staff 3, 4.

THELMA JOYCE CORDWELL

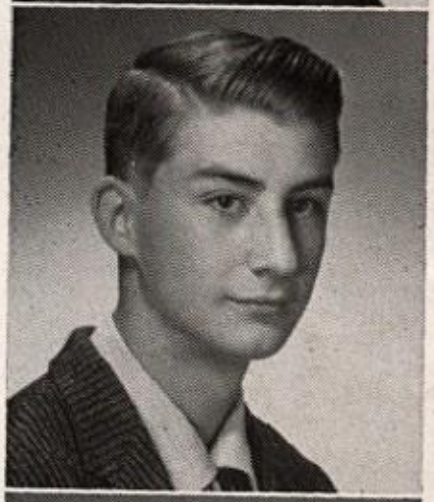
Thelma

Always kind and easy to please

Course: Commercial

Plans for Future: Undecided

Activities: Glee Club 1, 2; Varsity 1, 2; Band 1, 2; Softball 1, 2, 3, 4; Archery 1, 2, 3; Secretary of Class 2, 3, 4; 2nd Vice-President of F. B. L. A. 4; Ram Staff 3, 4; Caduceus Staff 4; F. B. L. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; F. H. A. 1, 2; Junior Play 3; Volleyball 1, 2, 3, 4.



ROBERT HENRY CULLINAN

Bob, Cully

A good mind possesses a kingdom

Course: College

Plans for Future: Air Force
Activities: F. & L. Club 1; Basketball 1.

KATHERINE GRACE CUMMINGS

Kammie

The only way to have a friend is to be one

Course: College

Plans for Future: College

Activities: Volleyball 1, 2, 3, 4; Archery 3, 4; Bowling 2, 3, 4; Softball 2. 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 4; Varsity 1, 4; F. & L. Club 1, 4; F. H. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 4; Junior and Senior Plays; La Mascara.

JACQUELINE LEAH DESILETS

Jackie

Little friends may prove great friends

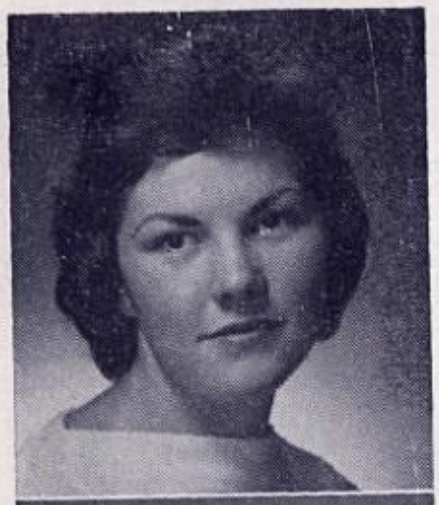
Course: Home Economics

Plans for Future: Beautician School

Activities: Archery 1; Bowling 1, 2; F. H. A. 1, 3, 4; F. B. L. A. 4; Glee Club 1, 2; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

ERMS. SCOTT 3013

Life Can Be Fashioned And Worn Like A Gown;



DENNISE DULLEA

Dullea

Historian

Laugh and be happy for you live but once

Course: College

Plans for Future: College

Activities: G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Archery 1, 2, 3, 4; Volleyball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Skiing 4; Bowling 4; Softball 1, 2, 4; 50-100-150-200 Point Awards; Girl's Glee Club 1, 2; Annual Musicals 1, 2, 3; F. & L. Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Junior and Senior Plays; F. H. A. 1, 2, 4; Caduceus Staff 2, 3, 4; Assistant Art Editor 2; Assistant Editor-in-chief 3; Editor-in-chief 4; Prize Speaking 1, 2, 3, 4; Maine Speech Festival 2, 3; Oxford County 2; Dirigo Girls State 3; Candidate for Governor; Voice of Democracy, Finalist 3, second 4; La Mascara.

ELIZABETH DUNN

Lib, Libby

Little friend of all the world

Course: College

Plans for Future: Nursing

Activities: G. A. A. 1, 2, 3. 4; Secretary 4; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Secretary 3; F. & L. Club 3, 4; F. H. A. Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Girl's Glee Club 1, 3, 4; Secretary 3; Varsity 1. 2, 3, 4; Junior and Senior Plays; La Mascara; Archery 1, 2, 3, 4; Volleyball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Softball 1, 2, 3, 4; Bowling 2, 4; 50-100-150-200 Point Awards; Student Council 3; Finalist in Voice of Democracy 3; Alternate Candidate for Girl's State; Caduceus Staff 3, 4; Assistant Sports Editor 3; Sports Editor 4.

LORRAINE LOUISE DURGIN

Lorny, Rainy

It is quality rather than quantity that matters

Course: Commercial

Plans for Future: Undecided

Activities: Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3; Public Speaking 1, 2.

JANICE INEZ FARRINGTON

Jan

Silence is deep as eternity

Course: Home Economics

Plans for Future: Undecided

Activities: F. H. A. 2, 3, 4.

SANDRA GAIL FICKETT

Sandy

Always happy and free from cares

Course: Commercial

Plans for Future: Undecided

Activities: F. B. L. A. Club 1, 2, 3, 4; F. H. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; F. B. L. A. Reporter 2; Glee Club 1, 2; Softball 1, 3, 4; Archery 2, 4; Bowling 2, 3, 4; Volleyball 3, 4; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Caduceus Staff 4; Ram Staff Typist 4.

I, The Designer; Mine The Decision

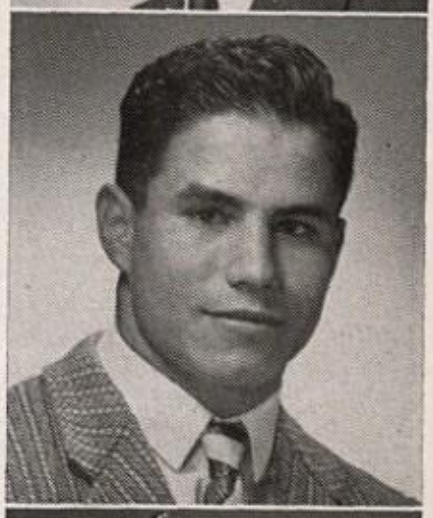
RALPH HERBERT FOGG

Foggy, Herb

Helpful in every need; Quiet in word and deed

Course: Industrial Arts

Plans for Future: Marines.



ARNOLD ERNEST FRECHETTE

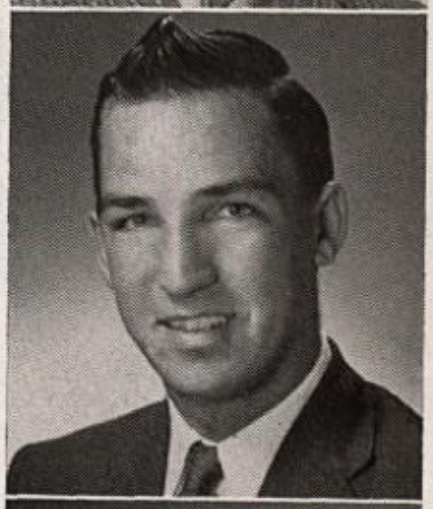
Blue, Duck, Herc

All he has earned is with the sweat of his brow

Course: Agriculture

Plans for Future: University of Maine

Activities: F. F. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Vice-President 3; President 4; Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Co-captain 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3; Junior and Senior Plays; Class Vice-President.



BRADLEY EUGENE FROST

Dandy, Frosty

And many friends had he

Course: Agriculture

Plans for Future: Undecided

Activities: Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2; F. H. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

PRISCILLA ANN GAMMON

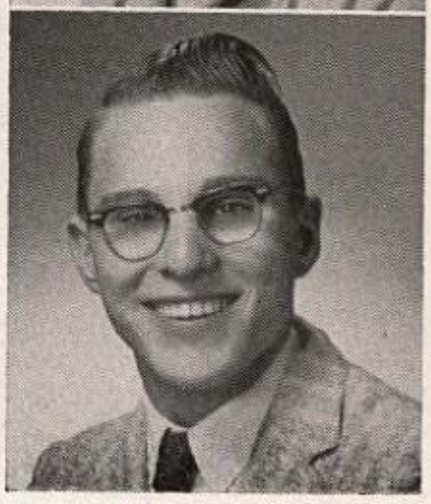
Priscilla

Quiet persons are welcome everywhere

Course: Home Economics

Plans for Future: Undecided

Activities: Glee Club 1, 2; Varsity 1, 2; F. B. L. A. 2, 3, 4; F. H. A. 1, 2, 3; First Vice-President 4.



LLOYD ARTHUR GROVER

Lloyd

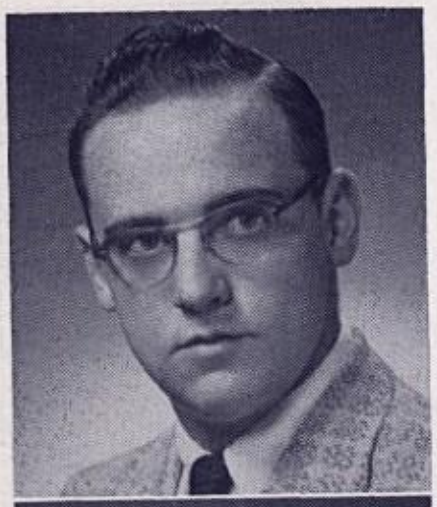
He lives long who lives right

Course: Industrial Arts

Plans for Future: Apprentice School

Activities: Basketball 1, 2.

Whether To Wear It With Bonnet Or Crown.



DOUGLAS RAYMOND HAINES

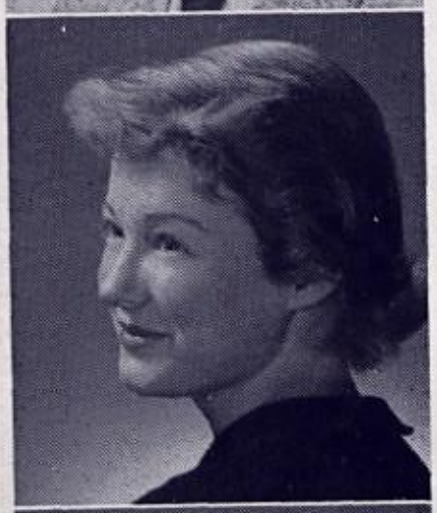
Doug

He is the king of good fellows

Course: College

Plans for Future: Navy

Activities: Football 1, 2; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; La Mascara; Junior and Senior Plays; Student Council 2, 4; President 4; Caduceus Staff 3, 4; Assistant Alumni Editor 3; Alumni Editor 4; Varsity 1, 2, 3; Band 1, 2, 3; Class Treasurer 3; F. & L. Club 2, 3, 4; Prize Speaking 1, 3, 4; Orchestra 1; Music Festival 2, 3; Harmonizers 2, 3; Annual Musicals 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball Manager 2.



SYLVIA ROBERTS HARLOW

Sliv, Tiny

Salutatorian

Knowledge in youth; wisdom in age

Course: College

Plans for Future: College

Activities: G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Softball 1, 2, 4; Bowling 1, 2, 4; Archery 1, 2, 3, 4; Archery Champion 2, 3; Volleyball 1, 2; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Varsity 1, 2, 3; Harmonizers 1, 2, 3; F. & L. Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Secretary 3, 4; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Treasurer 3; F. H. A. 1, 2; Parliamentarian 1; Student Council 2; Caduceus Staff 3, 4; Prize Speaking 3; Oxford County Prize Speaking 3; Dirigo Girl's State 3; "I Speak for Democracy" 3, 4; Western Maine Music Festival 2, 3; La Mascara.

CLIFFORD WILLIAM HILL

Billy

Difficulties are things that show what men are

Course: Agriculture

Plans for Future: Undecided

BEVERLY HOLDEN

Bev

Nothing is so firmly believed as what we least imagine

Course: College

Plans for Future: Gorham State Teachers College

Activities: F. H. A. 1, 2; Glee Club 1, 4; Junior Play; F. B. L. A. 4; Archery 4; Volleyball 4; Basketball 4; Varsity 4; Bowling 4; Softball 4.

GERALDINE AUDREY HOYLE

Gerry

A bright, cute manner of pleasant surprise

Course: Commercial

Plans for Future: Undecided

Activities: Glee Club 1, 2; Varsity 1, 2; Class Treasurer 1; Archery 2; Softball 1, 2; Basketball 2; Volleyball 1, 2, 4; Candidate for Carnival Queen 1; Caduceus Typist 4; F. H. A. 1; F. B. L. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Librarian 1; Assistant Art Editor of Ram 3; Art Editor of Ram 4.

And So I Select The Prettiest Pattern–

GAIL ANN HUNT

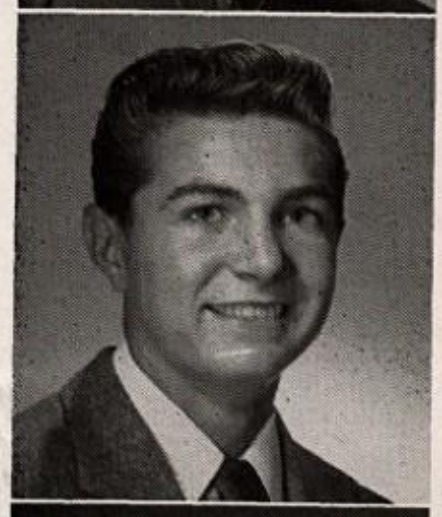
Gailie, Gay

Lively, friendly, joliy, and gay; ready to help every way

Course: College

Plans for Future: X-Ray Technician

Activities: Archery 1, 2, 3, 4; Bowling 1, 2, 3, 4; Volleyball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Softball 1, 2, 3, 4; Manager of Archery 4; F. H. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; President 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 4; Junior Play.



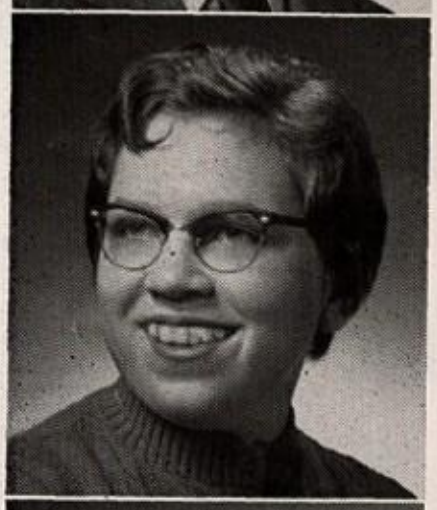
HARLAN LEE JOHNSON

Harley

Life is what you make it

Course: College

Plans for Future: Undecided.



JANE KNIGHTLY

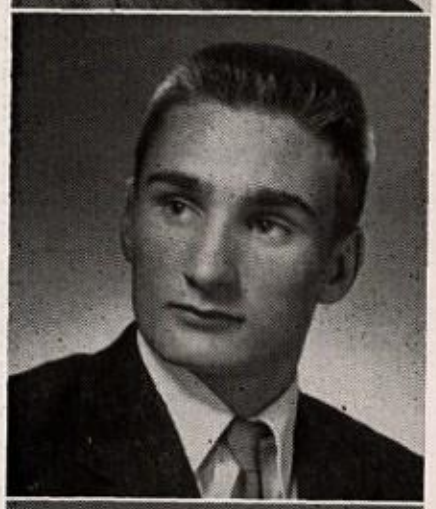
Jane

If at first you don't succeed, try, try, again

Course: Commercial 1, 2, College 3, 4.

Plans for Future: Gorham State Teachers College

Activities: F. H. A. 1, 4; Senior Play.



JAMES JOSEPH LaBOSSIERE

Jim, Lightning

He hath a heart sound as a bell

Course: College

Plans for Future: University of Maine

Activities: Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Football 1, 2, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Senior Play; F. & L. Club 2, 3, 4; La Mascara.

LINDA MARIE LAHTI

Linda

It is not the things we say, but what we do that counts

Course: Commercial

Plans for Future: Undecided

Activities: F. H. A. 1, 2, 3; F. B. L. A. 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2; Varsity 1; Assistant Clubs and Classes Editor 3; Clubs and Classes Editor 4.

Life Shall Be Made Of The Rosiest Hue–

RICHARD KENNETH McALISTER

Mac

I take life as I find it

Course: Industrial Arts

Plans for Future: Air Force.

JANICE ELAINE MILLETT

Jan, Peanut

Ambition has no risk

Course: Home Economics

Plans for Future: Undecided

Activities: Glee Club 1, 2; Varsity 1, 2; N. H. S. Harmonizers 2; Band 1, 2; F. B. L. A. 1, 3; F. H. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; President 4; G. A. A. 1; Softball 1.

MARIE EPELIA MORIN

Marie

She's friendly and full of fun, a pleasant smile known by everyone

Course: Commercial

Plans for Future: Undecided

Activities: Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Varsity 1, 2, 3; F. H. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; F. B. L. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Play; Junior High Editor 4; Assistant Junior High Editor 3; 50-100-150 Point Awards; F. H. A. Pin; Musicals 1, 2, 3; Volleyball 1, 2, 3; Softball 1, 2, 3,; Archery 1, 2, 3; Bowling 1, 2, 3; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

MARIAN SANDRA NIEMI

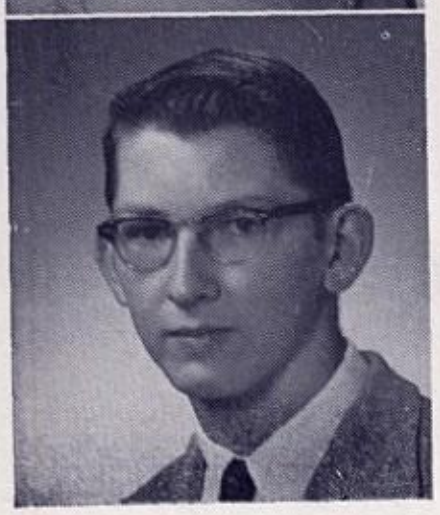
Marian

Toil does not come to help the idle

Course: Home Economics

Plans for Future: Undecided

Activities: F. H. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; F. B. L. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 2; Softball 1, 2.



LAWRENCE ALBERT NOYES

Larry

Valedictorian

Knowedge is power

Course: Commercial

Plans for Future: Undecided

Activities: Class Vice-President 4; Class Treasurer 3; Prize Speaking 2; Ram Staff 3, 4; Editor-in-Chief 4; Assistant Editor-in-Chief 3; Dramatic Club 3, 4; F. B. L. A. Club 1, 2, 3, 4; President 4; Annual Musicals 3, 4; H. M. S. Pinafore 3; Junior and Senior Plays; Caduceus Staff 4; La Mascara.

Course: College

Plans for Future: Coll

Activities: Baseball 1, 2, 3,
Football 1, 3, 4; Letter 4;
L. Club 2, 3, 4; Pres'dent 4; Vi
atic Club 2, 3, 4; Vice-President 3.
igo Boys State 3; Caduceus Staff 3, 4;
or 3; La Mascara; Musical 4.

BETTY JOAN RUGG

Betts, Shorty

Silence is the perfect herald of joy

Course: Home Economics

Plans for Future: Undecided

Activities: F. H. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

-

-0-

later

1; F. F. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; F. F. A. Re-

ROBERT LEWIS TIBBETTS

Bob, Tib

Don't cross the bridge until you come to it

Course: Agriculture

Plans for Future: U. S. Navy

Activities: F. F. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Football 1; Assistant Basketball Manager 1.

They Tell Me That Life Can Be Just What I Make It."

CHARLES RICHARD TRUMAN

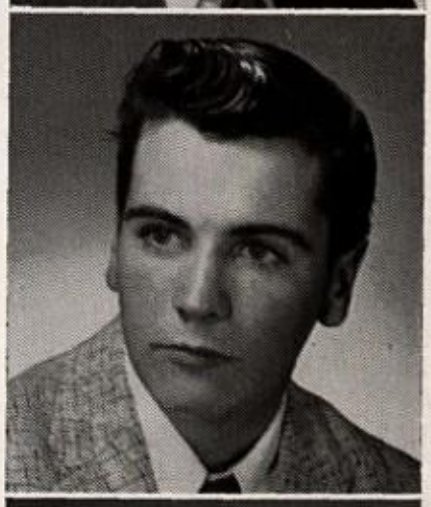
Chuck, Dick

A good sport always wins

Course: Industrial Arts

Plans for Future: U. S. Air Force

Activities: Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Letter 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Letter 3, 4; F. B. L. A. 3, 4; Junior and Senior Plays.



BRUCE WARREN TYLER

Bruce

Always look not down but up

Course: Industrial Arts

Plans for Future: Undecided

RICHARD EUGENE VARNEY

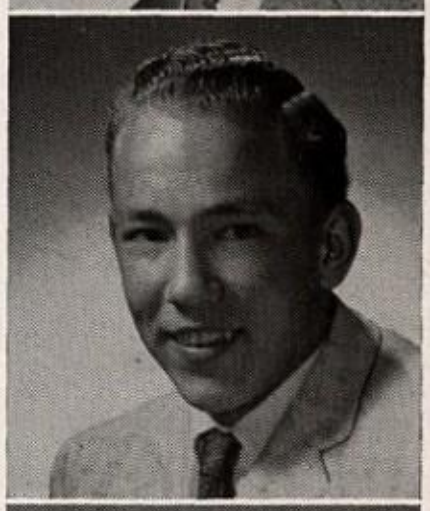
Dick

He would study; he would learn

Course: Industrial Arts

Plans for Future: Undecided

Activities: Football Manager 1.



CURTIS LESLIE WHITMAN

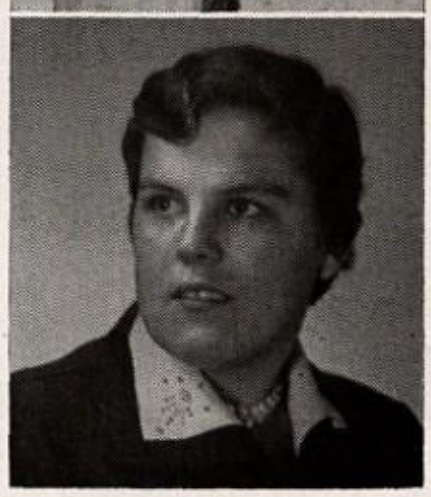
Cookey, Curt

He is a man of splendid ability

Course: Agriculture

Plans for Future: University of Maine

Activities: Football 1, 2, 4; Orchestra 1, 2; F. F. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Treasurer 3; Secretary 4; Junior and Senior Plays; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Band 1, 2, 3, 4.



MARIE ELIZABETH WILSON

Marie

A good heart is worth gold

Course: Home Economics

Plans for Future: Undecided

Activities: F. H. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Softball 1, 2; Archery 1, 2; F. B. L. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

Seniors

BRENDA ANN WING

Brenda, Pinkie

Tis good to be merry and wise

Course: Home Economics

Plans for Future: Maine School of Commerce

Activities: Archery 1, 2; Volleyball 1, 2; Junior Play; F. H. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Pin 3; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

JEANENE MARY WYMAN

Cookie, Wymie

Service is no heritage

Course: Home Economics

Plans for Future: College

Activities: Basketball 2, 3, 4; Volleyball 1, 2, 3, 4; Softball 1, 2, 3, 4; Archery 1, 2, 3, 4; Bowling 1, 2, 4; 50-100-150-200 Point Awards; Junior and Senior Plays; Glee Club 1; Musicals 1, 2, 3; Varsity 1, 4; N. H. S. Harmonizers 4; F. B. L. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Secretary 4; F. H. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; F. H. A. Pin; Secretary 4; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; La Mascara; J. V. Cheerleader 4; Varsity Cheerleader 2, 3, 4; Head Cheerleader 4; Winter Carnival Queen Candidate 2; Sports Editor Ram 4; Assistant 3; Caduceus Typist 4; G. A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN

Actor and Actress

D. Haines—D. Dullea

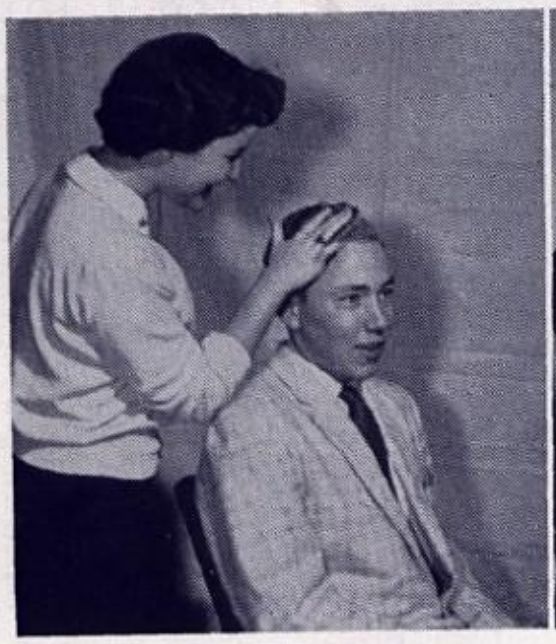
Eyes

B. Tyler—E. Dunn

Dancers

E. Dunn—D. Haines

Hair

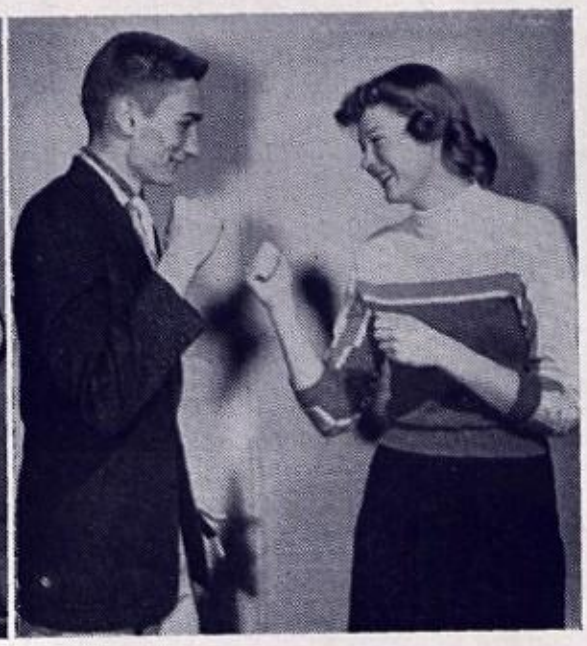


J. Wyman—C. Whitman

School Loyalty

R. Cullinan—K. Cummings

Athletic Ability



J. LaBossiere—S. Harlow

M. LaBossiere, R. Johnson, R. Cutting, P. LaFrance, R. Knee, S. Austin, J. Ahonen,
M. Bachelder, M. Staples

LIBRARIANS

W
who
the
dist

OUR LIBRARY

LOREN

He guides and protects us.

D. Haines, R. Jones, D. Eaton, E. Perry, Mr. Rowe, B. Terry, M. Ayer

STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council is a nation-wide organization. Its main objective is to represent the student body in the administration of the school and to help carry out the ideas and improvements desired by the majority. It is a form of government whereby students are given the opportunity to speak through representation.

The officers this year in Norway's Student Council are as follows:

President—D. Haines

Secretary—E. Perry

Adviser—Mr. Rowe

MONITORS

"Single file, please. Careful, Teachers crossing."

L. Noyes, G. Brown, R. Cleveland, J. LaBossiere, E. Staples, D. Haines

B. Martin, J. Sandstrom, J. Mackenzie, M. LaBossiere, G. Baker, L. Brown, J. Broderson, B. Boyce, M. Staples, J. Andrews, B. Terry, E. Bedard, L. Moriarty, T. Zanoni, M. Cummings, J. Erickson, J. Wyman, J. Morse, G. Marshall, N. Moore

DRAMATIC CLUB

The purpose of the Dramatic Club is to promote dramatic interest in the school and to prepare pupils for the junior and senior plays.

At the November meeting twenty-two new members were initiated into the club. Also in November the club presented a mock graduation

PRESIDENT
Edith Perry

VICE-PRESIDENT
Robert Cutting

SECRETARY
Jane Erickson

TREASURER
Judith Broderson

ADVISER
Mrs. Greenleaf

R. Johnson, O. Brown, J. LaBossiere, T. Roberts, K. Cummings, S. Newcomb, J. Billings, E. Dunn, J. Ahonen, S. Austin, S. Duquette, B. Cutting, D. Hainess, M. Ayer, S. Harlow, E. Richardson, D. Dullea, E. Perry,

at assembly.

Seniors receiving La Mascara awards this year are Katherine Cummings, Dennise Dullea, Elizabeth Dunn, Douglas Haines. Sylvia Harlow, James LaBossiere, Edith Perry, Eugene Richardson, Jeanene Wyman, and Lawrence Noyes.

DRAMATIC CLUB

PUBLIC SPEAKING

G. Howard, R. Johnson, J. MacKenzie, P. Boyce, R. Cutting, E. Bedard, B. Martin, S. Foster, S. Robbins, L. Moriarty, B. Bartlett

F. & L. CLUB

PRESIDENT
Eugene Richardson

VICE-PRESIDENT
George Brown

SECRETARY
Sylvia Harlow

TREASURER
Dunton Crane

ADVISER
Mr. Ayer

THE LANGUAGE CLUB

The F. & L. Club of Norway High School welcomes all students interested in the foreign language, arts and culture of Italy and France. At its meetings held once a month instructional and interesting programs in the form of lectures, motion pictures, and panel discussions on Italy and France

D. Crane, W. Matson, W. Tyler, E. Jackson, O. Brown, J. LaBossiere, D Brown, R. Cleveland, R. Cutting, R. Johnson, E. Bedard, L. Moriarty, C. Mawhinney, J. Billings, P. Nevers, M. Noyes, D. Haines, G. Brown, B. Berry, M. Enman, S. Foster, P. Crane, S. Robbins, J. Andrews, B. Terry, J. Broderson, A. Acorn, J. Morse, J. Sandstrom, L. Brown, E. Dunn, T. Zanoni, P. LaFrance, N. Moore

F & L CLUB BANQUET

are planned by students committees appointed by the president. This year initiation of new members was held at a banquet in the dining room of the Congregational Church. Club charms are presented to second year active members. The club now has a membership of seventy.

THE LANGUAGE CLUB

G. Kimball, G. Tikkanen, L. Austin, D. Perry, T. Roberts, S. Brackett, B. Dresser, J. MacKenzie, M. Cummings, E. LeCours, B. Martin, E. Perry, H. Pierce, K. Cummings, M. Bachelder, M. Tolman, J. Ahonen, S. Austin, M. Staples, B. Tucker, J. Morin, P. Salo, B. Dresser, M. Labossiere, V. Peaco, S. Harlow, E. Richardson, D. Dullea, J. Bowser

F. B. L. A.

Officers

PRESIDENT
Larry Noyes

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT
Jane Erickson

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT
Thelma Cordwell

SECRETARY
Jeanene Wyman

TREASURER
Rachel Thomas

REPORTER
Marcia Ayer

ADVISERS
Mrs. Stevens
Mr. O. Kimball

Future Business Leaders of America is a National organization. Its function in Norway High School is to help in the preparation of this leadership. Local membership is fifty-five. At the monthly meetings students have an opportunity to learn parliamentary procedure and each student is encouraged to express his opinions. Meetings are devoted to speakers, field trips, educational films, as well as social functions.

R. Skillin, L. Damon, J. Moore, C. Swett, J. Wiley, P. Gammon, H. Smith, S. Swett, J. Pratt, B. Holden, G. Paakkonen, R. Rugg, L. Suebe, C. Perry, M. Chaplin, S. Hodges, M. Wilson, L. Lahti, M. Morin, T. Cordwell, G. Hoyle, L. Noyes, B. Bean, R. Thomas, S. Fickett, J. Desilets

B. Bean, R. Thomas, J. Wyman, L. Lahti, L. Noyes, M. Morin, T. Cordwell, G. Hoyle
J. Erickson, A. Neimi, R. Knee, G. Baker
G. Swett, R. Skillin, S. Bell, L. Flanders, A. Acorn

RAM STAFF

Our school paper, THE RAM, is published by a group of commercial students from the senior class and assistants from the junior class. Material for each section is submitted by student and is set up and printed by the staff. The proceeds go toward donations, awards, and expenses of publishing the paper.

FBLA CLUB

J. Wiles, M. Millett, M. MacDonald, B. Whitman, M. Morse, E. Holt
J. Rowe, P. Boyce, J. Bean, C. Grover, A. Neimi, S. Mawhinney, L. Flanders
C. Chapman, L. Watson, M. Hill, L. Desilets, T. Grover, L. Hill, L. Cox, J. Richardson, B. Meserve
S. Knee, M. Ayer, R. Knee, J. Erickson, J. Wyman, G. Baker, J. Bartlett

F. F. A.

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT
Arnold Frechette

VICE-PRESIDENT
Wayne Thurston

SECRETARY
Curtis Whitman

REPORTER
Dean Thurston

SENTINEL
Bradley Frost

ADVISER
Mr. Hacker

FUTURE FARMERS OF AMERICA CLUB

Future Farmers of America Club, which meets once a month, seeks to create and nurture a love of country life; to strengthen the confidence of farm boys and men in themselves and their work; to create more interest in the intelligent choice of farming occupations; to encourage members in the development of farms and farming programs; to improve the farm, home and surroundings; to participate in worthy undertaking for improvement of agriculture; to participate in cooperative effort; to encourage and practice thrift; to encourage study and research.

INDUSTRIAL ARTS AND AGRICULTURE

Uncle Earl and his boys
in The Tinker Shop

The Prof watches his
boys at work

FUTURE FARMERS OF AMERICA

G. Holden, G. Larson, E. McAllister, R. Jackson
C. Millett, R. Jackson, L. Farris, K. Twitchell, R. Twitchell
D. Knight, J. Alberi, D. Cummings, G. Gatchell, W. Kuvaja, B. Thurston, W. Thurston, C. Hill
R. Tibbetts, R. Bard, C. Whitman, A. Frechette, B. Frost, D. Thurston, W. Hill

F. H. A.

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT
Janice Millett

FIRST VICE- PRESIDENT
Priscilla Gammon

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT
Marguerite Chaplin

TREASURER
Sandra Grover

SECRETARY
Jeanene Wyman

HISTORIAN
Sylvia Duquette

ADVISER
Mrs. Starbird

FUTURE HOMEMAKERS OF AMERICA

B. Grover, C. Baker, C. Mawhinney, M. Morse, S. Mawhinney, A. Niemi, J. Wiley, S. Duquette
E. Holt, J. Greene, J. Ahonen, P. Gammon, H. Smith, B. Bartlett, J. Mullen, V. Peaco
J. Bean, S. Desilets, S. Swett, M. Chaplin, S. Hodges, M. Wilson, G. Paakkonen, M. Morin
M. Hill, G. Baker, G. Holden, B. Bean, R. Thomas, S. Fickett, J. Desilets

We are extremely proud of the fine equipment in the department. Several pieces are exchanged every year under a special plan. This is our new 1958 model.

Sew, Hem, Knit, and Stitch

F. H. A. CLUB

A. Faulkner, J. Rowe, B. Boyce, M. Millett, M. MacDonald, L. Cox
D. Dullea, L. Watson, J. Billings, S. Newcomb, J. Wiles, C. Chapman, L. Flanders
J. Knightly, K. Cummings, B. Wing, A. Frost, P. Salo, J. Bowser, B. Meserve
G. Hunt, M. Ayer, L. Seube, S. Knee, P. LaFrance, J. Wyman, T. Zanoni

FUTURE HOMEMAKERS OF AMERICA

The theme for the club this year is "Today's Teen-ager—Tomorrow's Homemakers". The following goals have been chosen: 1. To promote better family living; 2. To help members understand the opportunity open to them in the field of Home Economics; 3. To understand our neighbors at home and abroad; 4. To provide training for each Chapter member for participation in home, school, and community activities.

The first club activity was the annual exhibition at the Oxford County Fair for which we again received the Blue Ribbon award and $25.00. This year the exhibit fulfilled goal number two. It consisted of a small information booth with all types of pamphlets regarding schools of Home Economics. A tree was nearly covered with colored autumn leaves—each branch carrying the name of some profession or job requirements.

The Betty Crocker "Homemaker of Tomorrow" award won this year by Beverly Holden was presented to her by Principal Rowe.

The annual American Agricultural Foundation Award and gift book will again be presented at the Last Chapel to the home economics student who is judged to have made the most progress during the year.

One of the highlights of the year is the day we participate in the Norway Woman's Club program. This year as hostesses we were asked to prepare and serve refreshments at the February meeting. Our State Adviser Mrs. Fettinger was the speaker.

NORWAY WOMAN'S CLUB

J. Millett, J. Wyman, K. Cummings, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Fettinger

MAP READING

J. Alberi, A. Robbins, M. Chaplin

THE MYSTERIES OF SCIENCE

R. Twitchell, J. Sandstrom, W. Thurston

WORLD INTERESTS

S. Hodges, S. Duquette, J. Wiley

Walter Matson
J. MacKenzie
George Kimball

Vera Peaco

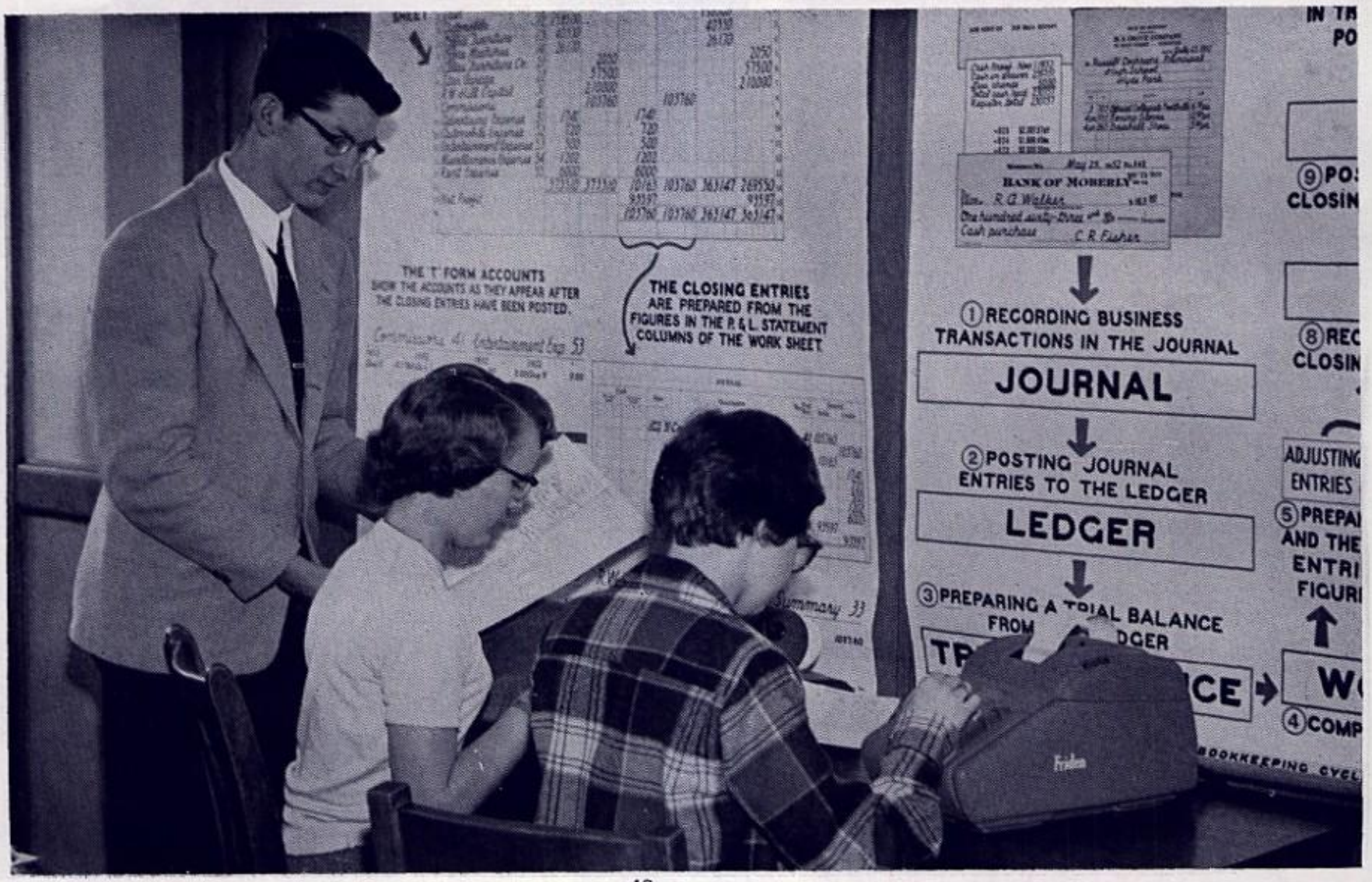
"C'est bon, n'est-ce pas?"
"Cogito, ergo sum."

LANGUAGES

BUSINESS

Lawrence Noyes
Rachel Thomas
Geraldine Hoyle

"BALANCING THE BOOKS"



The bulletins must go out

S. Fickett, L. Noyes

The making of a safe driver

M. Roberts, C. Chapman, J. Ahonen

The Voice ! ! !

G. Brown, E. Richardson, D. Dul!ea

Recess Party

E. Perry, T. Roberts, J. Erickson, E. Richardson

SENIOR CLASS

Officers

PRESIDENT
Eugene Richardson

VICE-PRESIDENT
Lawrence Noyes

SECRETARY
Thelma Cordwell

TREASURER
George Brown

CLASS ADVISER
Mrs. Greenleaf

"I woke and found that life was Duty."

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Officers

PRESIDENT
Wayne Tyler

VICE-PRESIDENT
Charles Huff

SECRETARY
Judy Bean

TREASURER
Linda Suebe

CLASS ADVISER
Mr. D. Kimball

JUNIOR CLASS

Officers

PRESIDENT
James Alberi

VICE-PRESIDENT
Marguerite Chaplin

SECRETARY
Jeanne Andrews

TREASURER
Jane Erickson

CLASS ADVISER
Mrs. Bryant

"I slept and dreamed that life was Beauty."

FRESHMAN CLASS

Officers

PRESIDENT
George Kimball

VICE-PRESIDENT
Nancy Moore

SECRETARY
Theresa Zanoni

TREASURER
Julie Billings

CLASS ADVISER
Mr. O. Kimball

CLASS REPORTS

SENIOR CLASS

We Seniors are having a pleasant year studying and working together. We sponsored the Freshman Reception, magazine sale, class play, directed by Mrs. Greenleaf, and sold refreshments at basketball games. A food sale at Newberry's was held and plans are underway to sponsor a Valentine's dance.

Edith Perry and Douglas Haines represent us on the Student Council. Our class is well represented in both boys' and girls' sports.

Class pictures were taken and received just before Christmas. Everyone was satisfied with them.

Preparations for the Washington Trip have begun. There are thirty-six seniors going. Mr. and Mrs. Rowe and Mrs. Greenleaf are the chaperones.

—T. Cordwell, Sec'y.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

The Sophomore Class' first interest this year was the ordering of class rings. A Dungaree Sock Hop given at the beginning of the year was very successful. The boys worked hard at Christmas selling Christmas trees.

Marcia Ayer and Robert Jones are members of the Student Council. We are all looking forward to our junior year and the one step nearer our goal.

—J. Bean, Sec'y

JUNIOR CLASS

The Junior Class has been very active this year. We had a successful record hop. At recess we have sold candy. Two paper drives have been held. At our assembly in December we presented a Christmas story. We have been well represented in both boys' and girls' sports. Our representatives to the Student Council are David Eaton and Bonnell Terry.

Soon we shall be working on our class play. This all adds up to a very interesting year.

—J. Andrews, Sec'y

FRESHMAN CLASS

At the beginning of the school year there were 88 freshmen and now there are 79. Freshman Reception was the first event for us in the new year. Then came our first class meetings.

We have had a paper drive, sold candy on Valentine's Day, Mother's Day and at Easter. March 7 we had our first assembly and dance. We plan a rummage sale and a food sale. Terry Payne is on the Student Council.

Oh, what fun it is to be in high school! Did you notice the monitors this morning?

—T. Zanoni, Sec'y

SONNET I

How little do we see in falling snow
The great plan of the universe fullfilled,

Or realize as seasons come and go
Each one is needed that the earth may yield.

The snow itself will not be used for food,
But it will give excuse to lie and rest

For those who slave to do this world some good,
As they need sleep that they may do their best.

From winter with its cold and sober hours
Comes spring and wonders of a life anew

With birds in song and scent of many flowers,
And snow that's changed to sparkling rain or dew.

For earth-bound seeds need many falls of snow
Before the season comes when they can grow.

—O. Brown

A SONNET

The mind of man is marvelous but strange.
If you believe that you will lose, you will;
But if for that ill thought you will exchange
The will to win, you may be victor still.
To dread a task that you may think is hard,
And let a fear of working discourage you,
May so severely, your line of thought retard,
That you may work and really never be through.
But if at first the difficult you start,
And after seeing your tough problem done,
You may relax and then be strong of heart,
For now the rest will seem almost like fun.

Mental ideas, such as I offer here,
May determine your will to persevere.

—W. Matson

MATHEMATICS

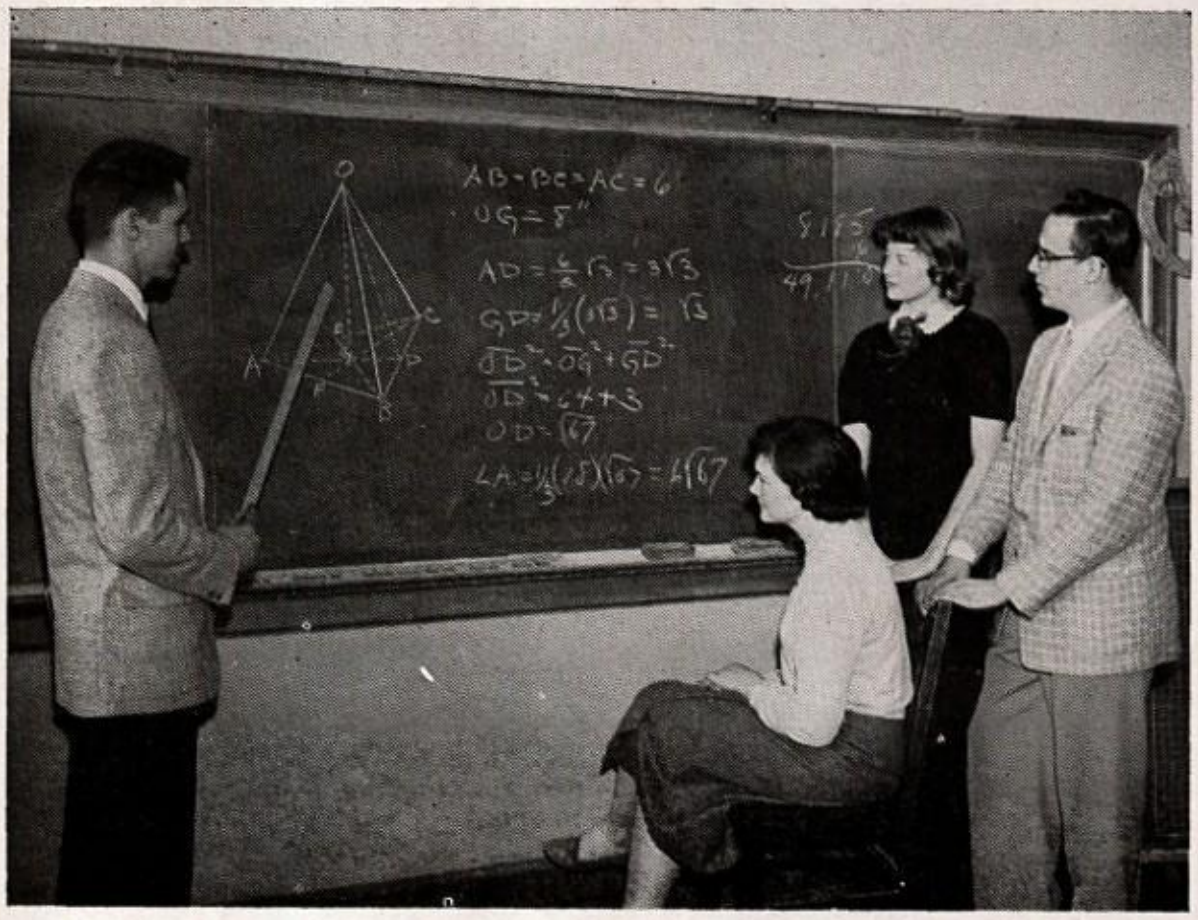
Room 11

MR. SAMPSON:

"You can't do that"

HIS STUDENTS:

"We know we can.
Look, AF equals er—r-r."



R. Cleveland (with pointer), D. Dullea (seated), S. Harlow, D. Haines

READING

Room 6

What's your speed?

D. Haines (seated), R. Cleveland

"Day By Day The Music Teacher In Her Lowly Chamber Wrought."

B. Bradford, C. Whitman, G. Brown, D. Haines, D. Brown, G. Bell
J. Morse, J. Bowser, N. Moore, P. LaFrance, J. Wiles, M. Ayer, J. Broderson
C. Roberts, B. Martin, B. Martin, Miss Klain, director, L. Brown, M. Bachelder, A. Acorn
T. Zanoni, E. LaCours, L. Wiles, R. Dunn, S. Clark, P. Nevers, J. Sandstrom
L. McCready R Hatch

N. H. S. BAND

Music Is The Soul Of Man.

Our music activities were scheduled for the fifth period—Monday, Girls Glee Club; Tuesday, Varsity; Wednesday, special rehearsal; Thursday, Band. There are twenty-four members in the band which played at the football games in the fall. The annual high school musicale was held at the Opera House, February 20. It was the History of the Development of Music in the U. S. A., depicted in narration, pantomime, song and dance—The Minute, Spirituals, Can-Can, Cowboy, Symphony, Calypso, Rock and 'Roll. The narrator was Judith Sandstrom; the director, Miss Elizabeth Klain, music instructor.

"Day By Day The Soft Air Trembled To The Music Of Her Thought."

K. Cummings, B. Holden, G. Hunt, M. Staples, N. Moore, A. Faulkner
S. Robbins, P. Crane, L. Moriarty, J. Wiles, M. McDonald, S. Newcomb, B. Bartlett, J. Rowe
C. Mawhinney, J. Billings, L. Watson, Miss Klain, H. Smith, S. Swett, G. Marshall
G. Baker, A. Damon, E. Lecours, P. Boyce, P. LaFrance, T. Zanoni, P. Nevers

GLEE CLUB

The "Can-Can" from Musicale 1958

J. Wiles

P. LaFrance
N. Moore

M. Ayer

GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The G. A. A. has presented to the girls of Norway High a program of entertaining and useful activities. In the fall were archery and volley ball; in the winter the favorite sports, basketball and bowling; in the spring, softball. The G. A. A. seeks to sponsor a program to include all girls.

PRESIDENT—Gail Hunt
VICE-PRESIDENT—Edith Perry
SECRETARY—Elizabeth Dunn
ADVISER—Mrs. Bryant

CHEERLEADERS

J. Wyman, L. Seube, B. Tucker, J. Erickson, M. Ayer, P. LaFrance

BOWLING

G. Holden, S. Harlow

"A Strike!"

ARCHERY

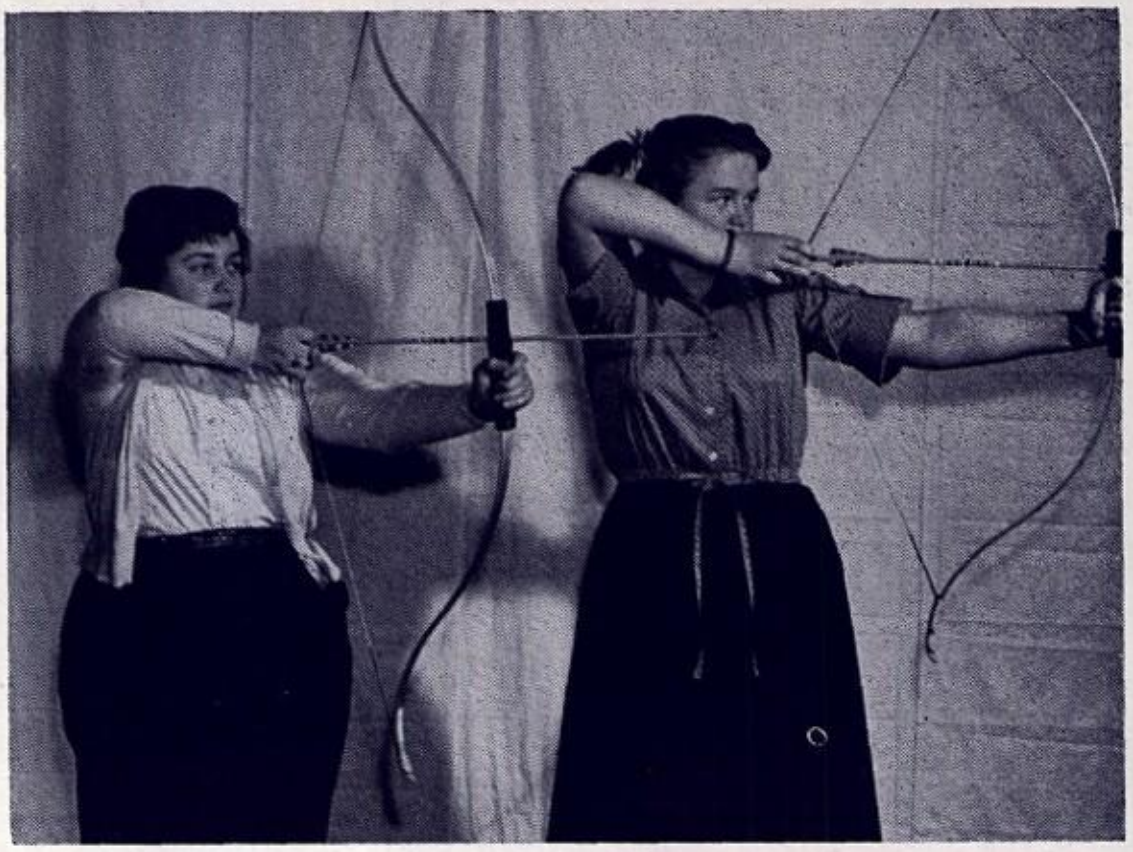
1958

J. Morse, L. Brown

Archery Champions

"Who is holding the apple,

Diana?"



J. V. CHEERLEADERS

E. LeCours, G. Marshall, N. Moore, E. Bedard, M. Cummings, P. Nevers

A. Frost, E. Bedard, N. Moore, L. Moriarty, P. Crane, S. Robbins, G. Marshall
P. Nevers, M. Cummings, L. Watson, E. LeCours, S. Newcomb
T. Zanoni, J. MacKenzie, G. Holden, J. Billings

BASKETBALL FRESHMEN

SOFTBALL

M. Bachelder, J. Morin, J. Broderson

"3 and 2, the big one due."

VOLLEYBALL

"After it, Girls!"

G. Hunt, E. Perry, E. Dunn, S. Harlow, B. Holden, D. Dullea

SENIOR BASKETBALL

STANDING: S. Harlow, B. Holden
FRONT ROW: J. Wyman, D. Dullea, E. Perry, E. Dunn, G. Hunt

Sophomores-14	Freshmen-4
Seniors-30	Juniors-10
Juniors-22	Sophomores-17
Seniors-40	Freshmen-9
Seniors-32	Sophomores-5
Juniors-27	Freshmen-12

JUNIOR BASKETBALL

STANDING: B. Terry, J. Broderson, J. Erickson, A. Acorn, R. Knee, J. Sandstrom
KNEELING: J. Morse, J. Bartlett, M. Noyes, L. Brown, M. LaBossiere

SOPHOMORE BASKETBALL

BACK ROW: J. Bowser, J. Morin, B. Tucker, M. Millett, M. Bachelder
SECOND ROW: L. Seube, M. Hill, J.Wiles C. Chapman, M. Ayer,
FRONT ROW: S. Knee, E. Perry, H. Pierce

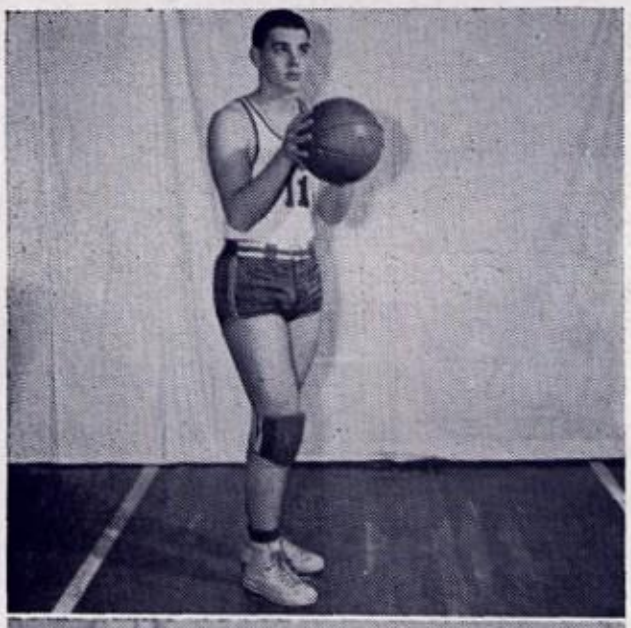
BASEBALL

L. Truman, G. Tikkanen, W. Matson, R. Cutting, A. Frechette, P. Carro, H. Foster
B. Thurston, D. Brown, G. Holden, J. Moore, T. Cushman, O. Brown, C. Huff
Coach Lago, B. Frost, A. Robbins, T. Roberts, D. Eaton, J. LaBossiere, E. Richardson, C. Whitman

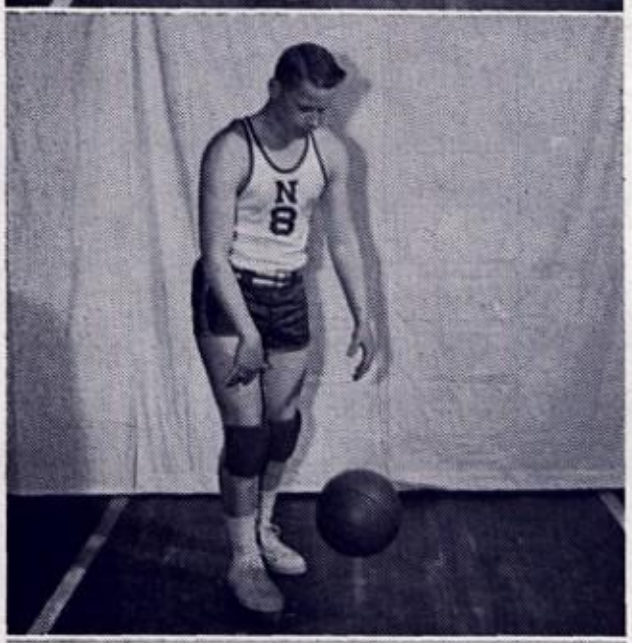
"The score stood two to four, with but an inning left to play."

The 1957 Baseball team started very early this year with the battery of pitchers and catchers throwing the ball in the gym. Under the guidance of Coach Wayne Lago, the complete team started practice the week before the April vacation. There were 28 potentials who reported for practice. Although we only won the last game, that against our arch-rival, South Paris, the spirit of the team was very high, and none of the original team gave up the season early.

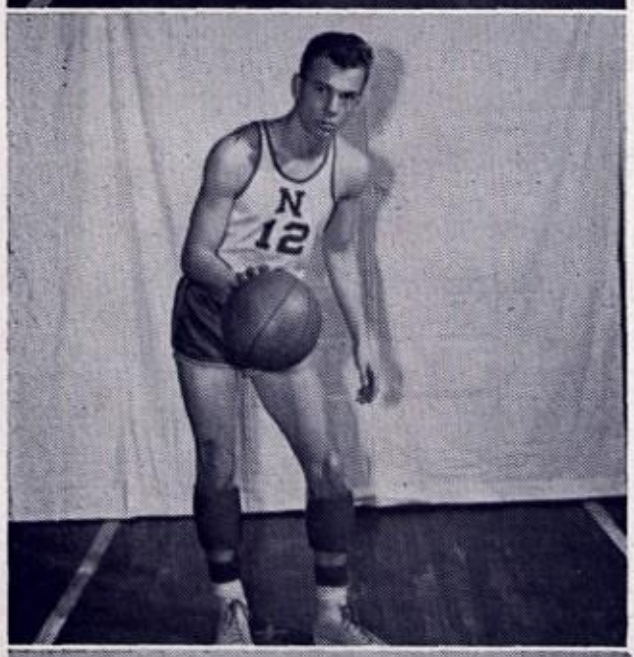
Norway	8	South Paris	23
Norway	0	Bridgton	5
Norway	1	Dixfield	8
Norway	2	Gould Academy	4
Norway	1	Mexico	8
Norway	2	Bridgton	7
Norway	12	Mechanic Falls	14
Norway	8	Dixfield	18
Norway	10	South Paris	9



Dunton Crane



Charles Huff



Charles Truman

BASKETBALL

"Play ball!" the referee's voice rang out.

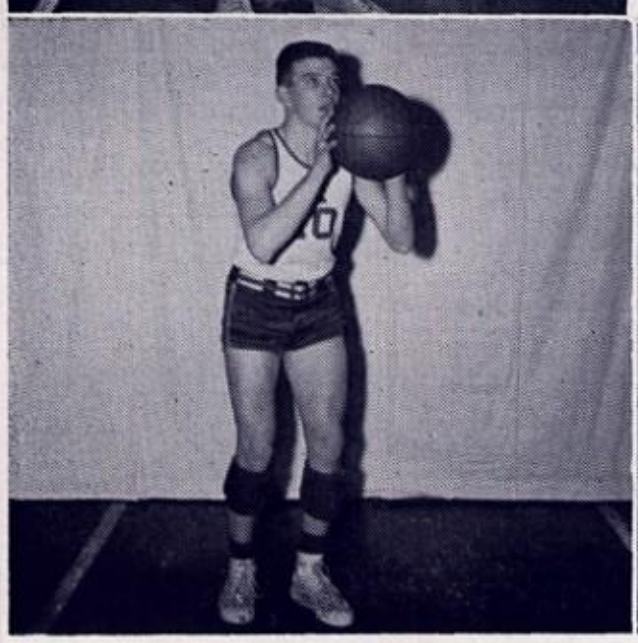
Norway	42	South Paris	54
Norway	48	Bridgton	46
Norway	59	Gould Academy	33
Norway	49	Oxford	46
Norway	46	Leavitt Institute	55
Norway	38	Mechanic Falls	62
Norway	53	West Paris	50
Norway	47	Mexico	57
Norway	49	Bridgton	61
Norway	55	Leavitt Institute	34
Norway	39	Gould Academy	44
Norway	58	West Paris	61
Norway	34	Mexico	53
Norway	54	South Paris	77
Norway	43	Mechanic Falls	65

REGIONAL TOURNAMENT

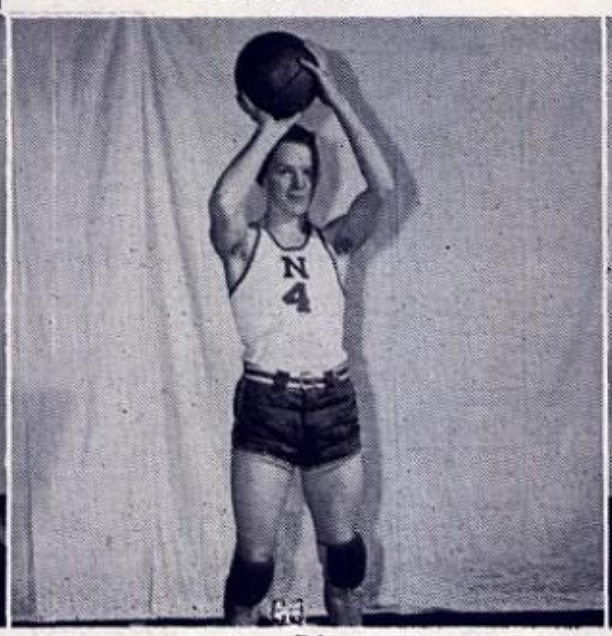
GAMES

Norway	42	Mexico	40
Norway	50	Mechanic Falls	72
Norway	52	Bridgton	60

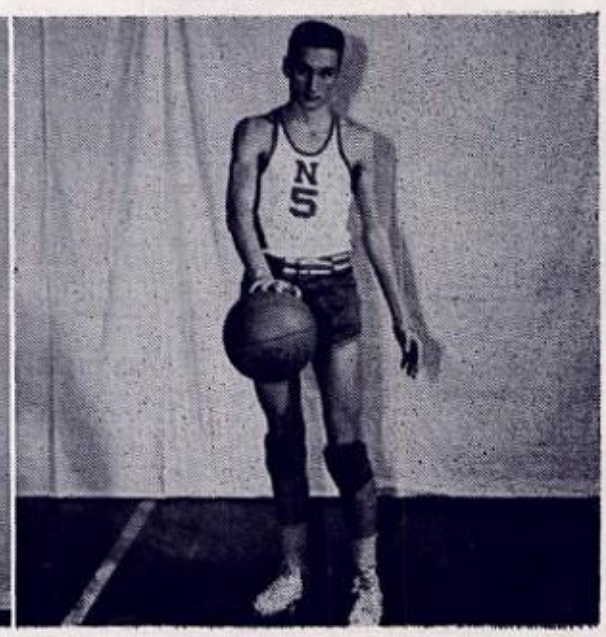
Thomas Roberts



David Brown



James LaBossiere



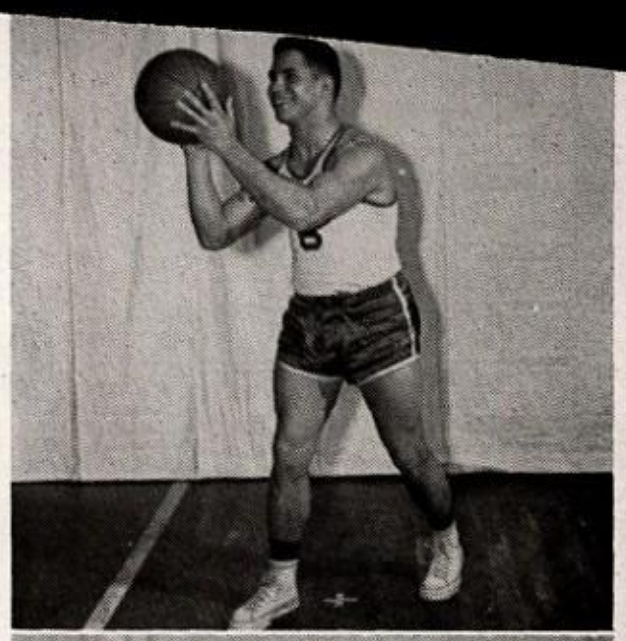
BASKETBALL

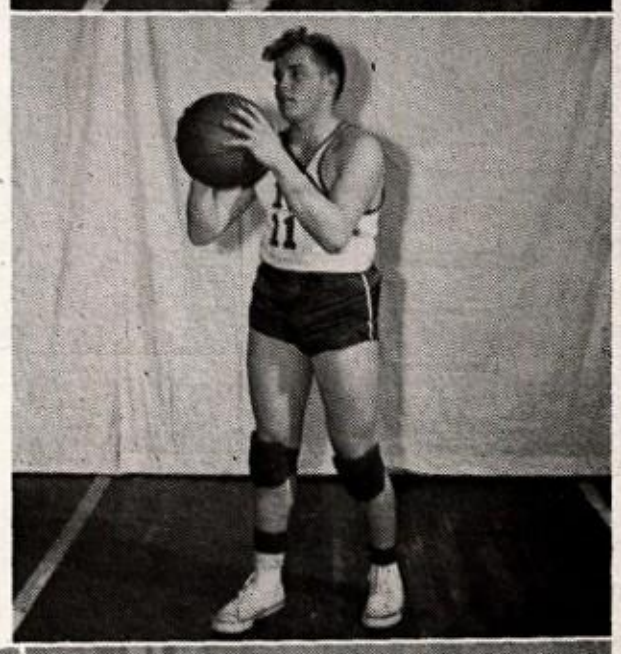
"and then the game began."

Eugene Rich

Coach Beaudry

Arnold Frechette





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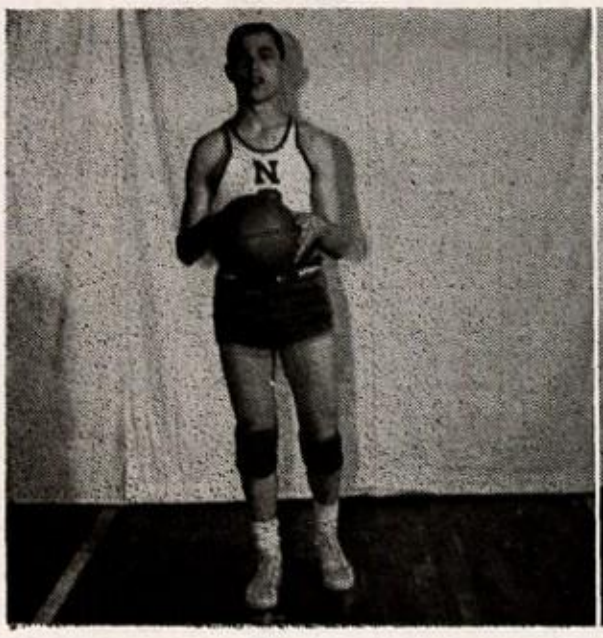

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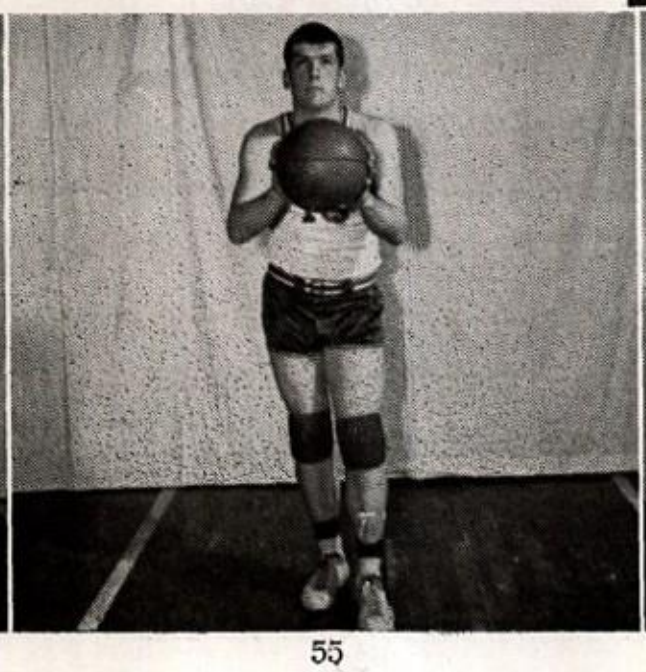
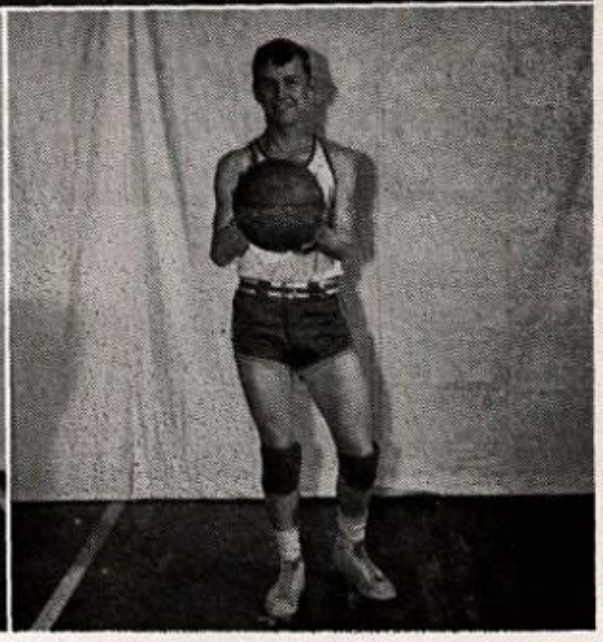
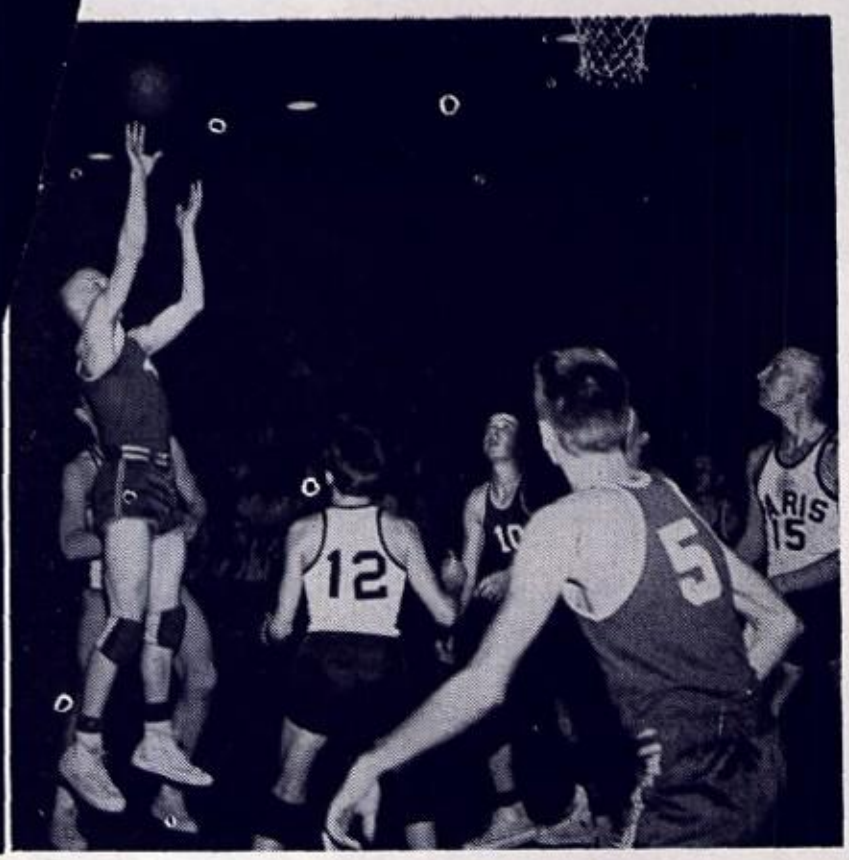




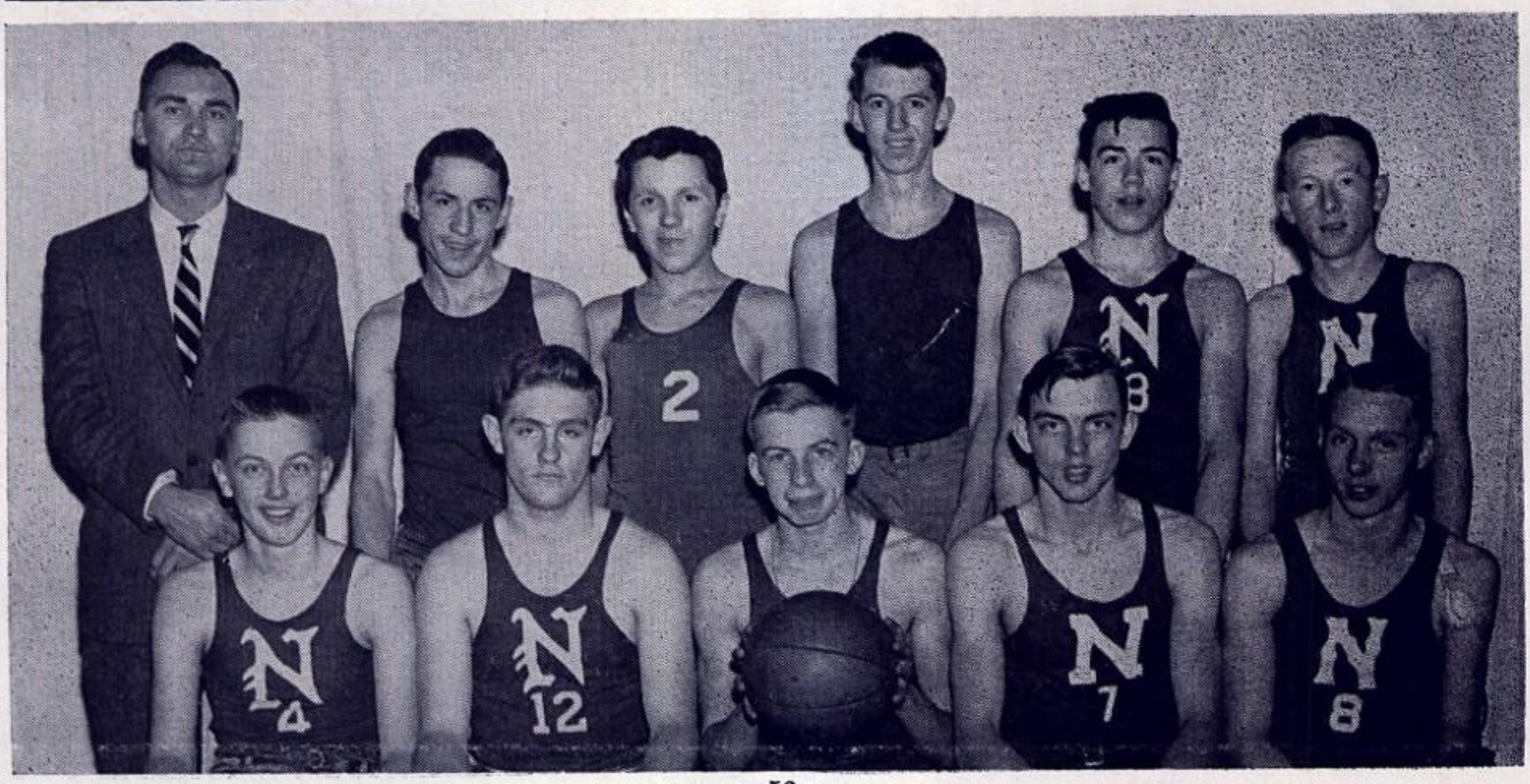


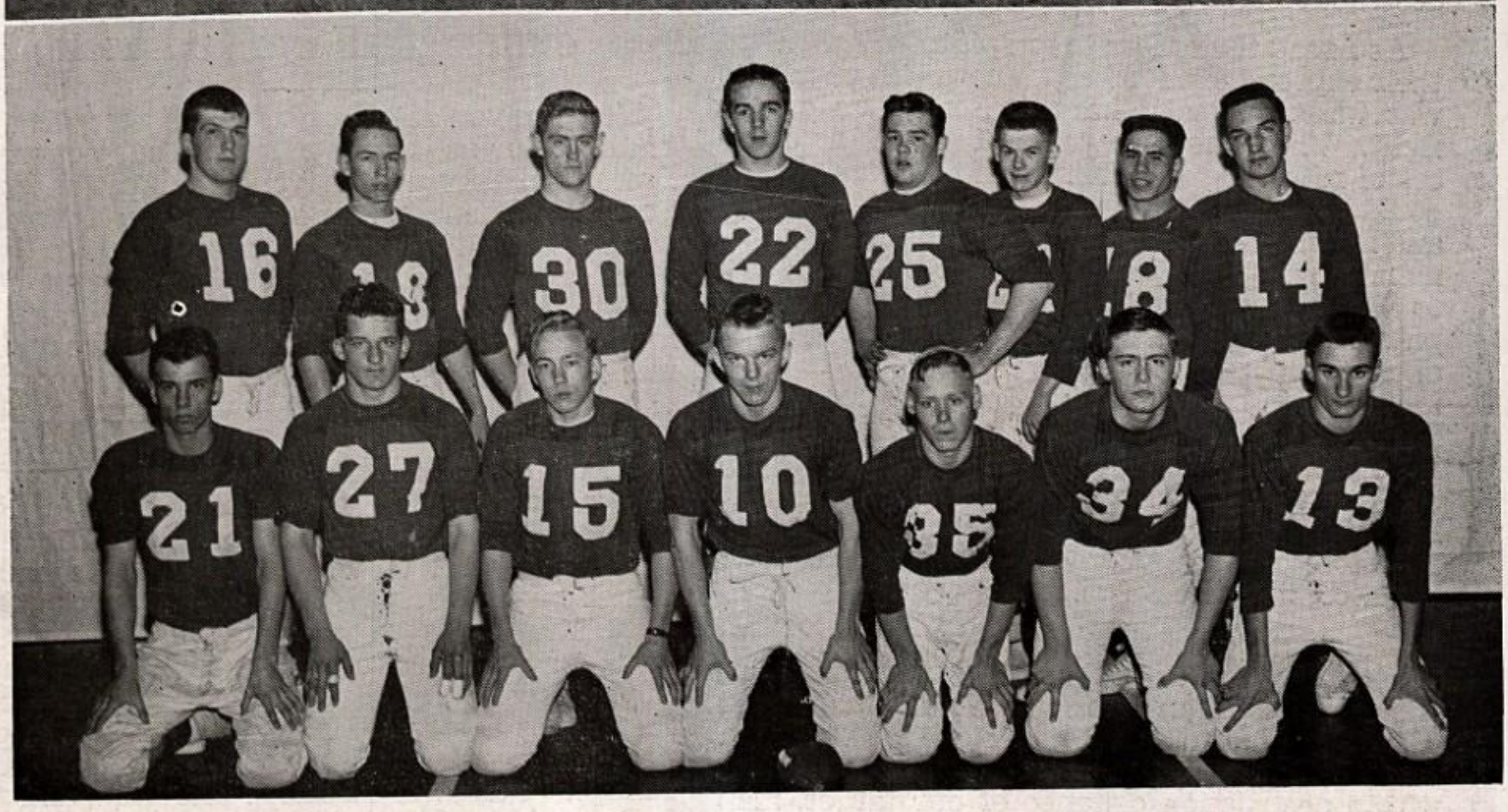
BASKETBALL VARSITY

Cheer for old Norway,
Norway will win!
Fight to the finish
Never give in!
You do your best, boys!
We'll do the rest, boys!
Fight on to Victory!

BASKETBALL J. V.

Coach Kimball, D. Day, E. Rolfe, G. Kimball, S. Hill, R. Brown, W. Matson, A. Robbins, J. Moore, P. Carro, R. Rolfe





LETTERMEN

LITERARY

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

Reading Maketh A Full Man; Conference A Ready Man;
And Writing An Exact Man.

MISSION COMPLETED!

The year—nineteen hundred and fifty-two, the month—January, the day—a Wednesday, the hour—about 10:30 a. m., the place—Heartbreak Ridge, Korea. There is the setting; the plot can only be of war.

My name is Harrison, Scott Harrison of the 103rd Division of the United States Army. My rank is that of sergeant and I commanded a platoon in the days of the Korean War. My company was new from Stateside and none of the boys had witnessed war. There were twelve men other than myself in my platoon—twelve men for whom there is no equivalent, whether they be buck privates or five star generals. In a war, fighting beside men, you come to know their every manner, thought, and fear, faster and better than in any amount of civilian years.

Beginning at the landing of my men on Korean soil is necessary to start the story.

Our equipment and rations were assigned us and our orders received. Ours was a different mission; we were to penetrate enemy lines and blow a munition dump. A long, tedious siege was expected from the Red Army and their munition supply must be blown to avoid total destruction and the loss of the ridge completely.

As I read the orders to my platoon, I watched their expressions, for here reflected in each face was what makes it hard to send men out to fight. They knew as well as I that their chances of returning were slim. In this pair of eyes could be seen a home with a pretty young wife and her miniature likeness waiting for the postman. Two old people beside a radio, ears pealed to the news were reflected in another. In every pair of eyes it was the same, families, loved ones, friends,—every thing that matters to a man was to be read in his eyes, yet not a man flinched, not a man spoke. Each knew that to have these joys he was here fighting for them, either for the benefit of his generation or those following. I'm sure my eyes betrayed my feelings too. Although my rank made me their superior, in spirit we were all equal.

We started and the going was not easy. In penetrating the lines in little skirmishes with the North Koreans we lost two men, the first of a long list of casualties of Heartbreak Ridge. Once behind the lines, we now had to come within destruction distance of our target, map our attack, blow it, and leave. Sound easy? Nothing could be more wrong! It took us four days to come to the munitions dump. Here now was the biggest problem, the man who took the dynamite charge in and blew it had no chance to come out. This I explained to my men and asked for volunteers; not a man moved for a moment, then they all took a step forward in unison. Finally, the man was selected by drawing lots. We took cover and a few moments after he disappeared the blow came. We had done our job—we were also minus three good men.

The trek to home lines was nerve-wracking. It seemed that the whole North Korean Army was lying in ambush for us. We had several close calls and in one of them I was wounded in the leg with eight miles left to home ground. Walking was impossible without two men, one on each side of me. For two days we walked, and crawled, until we came to our home camp.

And so it was on that Wednesday in January from thirteen men who had started ten men came from behind enemy lines.

These remaining ten men have gone their separate ways in the world. Their deed was personal bravery changed to common cause, for in war or peace "no man stands alone."

—D. Dullea

CHALLENGES IN EDUCATION

How are you at recognizing and accepting the truth, bitter as it may be? The subject which I wish to discuss with you is education, your present arch enemy. It is more than likely that we are behind Russia, at present, in the fields of science and mathematics. To assume Russian tactics would definitely be to denounce democracy. Russia forces children to take mathematics through trigonometry, four years of chemistry, five years of physics, and general science beginning with the fourth grade. A pupil who cannot comprehend is transferred to a vocational school. The consequences of Russian leadership might include such situations as Russian control of weather while the United States suffers drought. Our only prospective democratic solution is the guidance program. As of now, one in twenty-four high school pupils takes physics (too much homework); one in four takes algebra (I can get that in college), not knowing they will need it to be admitted to college. Guidance directors interview and test individuals to determine their aptitudes and to suggest correct courses. Unfortunately, as in

the teaching field, there are too few guidance directors.

Not too many years ago the objective of education was to form a patriotic, responsible, industrious, self-reliant, independent individual. A little more vaguely today, it is defined as freedom, peace, and the fullest development of of the individual. The average pupil does not know that to have any or all of the above, especially self-reliance, he will need to know something about the economic, political, social and religious theories in a changing world. The average high school does not require enough for this situation. The pupil's IQ does not mean much to him. It is the pupil's attitude that counts.

The suggestion has been made by an educator that pupils learn to read by paragraphs. Not too long ago our system was changed from sounding words to simply recognizing words, so Johnny can't spell. This indicates that this new suggestion is for naught. Before our system can be changed in the right direction, what can you and I do to become students and perhaps even scholars? We should set our goals high enough so that we may achieve our purpose and desire, but not so high as to discourage us. In most cases an "A" is not too high if we have the correct attitude. Don't think you have to get the rank the rest of your group does. Be an individual! And remember, no point is so high that you can say, "This is my limit; I can go no higher."

—W. Thurston

SONNET: ON DECISIONS

Decide, decide, decide! I must, I know.
For the hour is drawing closer day by day;
Which path? Which way to turn, which way to go,
Of what I'm going to do I cannot say;

For all, decisions are unusual
And plague the human mind with opposing thought,
For some are light and give a happy lull,
While others burden, leaving sense distraught.

Then there are those which may be mused upon
And may not ever e'en require the bound.
Lord, here is one which will not wait for long,
Pleads Destiny, an answer must be found.

"Oh, what and when?" my feverish mind calls out,
But in my soul my God removes the doubt.

—J. Sandstrom

BOGEY MAN

The latest problem to win the attention of the experts is one concerning children's fears. The unanimous opinion seems to be that children shouldn't have fears, and if they have, someone ought to explain to them logically that elephants and tigers rarely enter a little boy's bedroom at night and that there is really no bogey man unless you have an adjusted gross income around ten thousand dollars.

The idea, I guess, is that children who are fearless grow up full of courage. This may be so. It probably accounts for the fearless characters who cross highways with their eyes shut or who drive convertibles while reading newspapers.

When I was a child, things were different. We were scared, and they kept us scared! They kept us scared because it was the best way to handle us and also because they wanted us to grow up and realize the world was enough to scare anybody. Nobody ever came into my bedroom when I was fighting an army of little red men four inches high armed with hot pitchforks and told me there was nothing to fear. They just came in, and when I explained to them the situation, they said, "Well, shut the door and don't let them into the parlor!"

If I were afraid of the dark, they didn't persuade me that darkness contained anything that daylight did not. They knew better. When it got dark in my bedroom, the place was filled with elves, goblins, fairies and grinning odd balls with two heads. Nobody denied it. They just let me turn on the light, so the things would disappear. To this day I sleep with the light on. I sleep well, too, not like some people who get up in the dark, full of courage to walk out the window or into the closet, falling over a chair en route.

Thunderstorms scare children. Today you are supposed to understand that if the lightning strikes you, you'll never know it; and if you hear the thunder, the lightning has already struck someone else. Good! But when I was a child we were afraid of the thunder, not the lightning. The lightning was just a flash, but the thunder could knock you off your pins. The family either hid in closets or, as in my case, crept under the bed and waited patiently.

We were afraid of our teachers, so we learned our lessons. We were scared of our parents, so we obeyed them and loved them. We were afraid of the water so we never got drowned. We were alarmed at even the sight of a cop, so we never got arrested.

As the old and wise Irishman once said, "It's better to be a coward for one minute, then dead the rest of your life."

I don't care how well-trained are the children of courage today; some day they are going to walk into a ghost carrying his head under his arm and clanking his chains. Then they are going to know someone has been kidding them.

—C. Eastman

AMERICA FOR ME

St. Paul is a coral reef;
Tunisia is fired with Nationalism;
Uruguay produces lots of beef,
And Russia introduced Communism.

Australia has many a kangaroo;
England is the home of Churchill;
Tanganyika has Mt. Kilimanjaro,
And Spain harbors the city of Seville.

China has the Great Wall,
But for me America is best of all.

America is a great Democracy;
Greenland is way up North;
Canada, from Communism, is free,
And Germany is filled with remorse.

Alaska is famous for its seals;
India for its cobra;
China for its rice fields,
And the Philippines for its copra.

China has the Great Wall,
But for me America is best of all.

—L. Noyes

VISIONS OF A PAINTER'S HAVEN

Darkness had filled the city like coffee in a cup—black and inky. It had crept into every little crevice and seemed to make the day's unbearable heat even worse. In the room the air was tense and stifling; the only smell drifting aimlessly there was that of oily paint drying on the easel that sat pompously in the middle of the room. A window splotched with dust and bugs awkwardly squeaked open, letting past the outside. It felt like rain. The day had been blistering, and even though the sun had left, the heat still clung to the buildings and streets and hung from the sky itself so that it still persisted high above the life of the city. Freshness might make itself known again with a little opening from above—God permit it. In the far corner of this painter's haven were stacked piles of wilted rags spotted with gaudy colors, and lying idle beside them were brushes of so many shapes, colors and sizes one could only distinguish a blur. The worn out sofa, faintly showing its once bright shade of blue, was covered with a soiled maroon blanket. Coffee bubbling in a little dented tin pot over a chipped porcelain hot plate seemed to defy its heated surroundings. Cups, ashes and flies, having found their place at the table, looked as if they might remain there indefinitely. Pushed heavily under the one large window was a small box concealed by torn green plastic, which, glanced at quickly, might remind you of a hope chest. The window again protested noisily as it was raised higher. There was a splattering sound which soon became a deafening roar. The rain at last. Perched on the defenseless little box was a man, his bulky figure looking very odd and out of place. He was looking through the crystal drops at the city lights—the reflection of the stars on a lake of utter blackness. Here in his secluded home he saw a beauty not easily surpassed.

—B. Tucker

PROJECT I. A. B. M.

If you were to visit the Industrial Arts Shop at Norway High School as I did recently, you would be completely lost in a maze of modern laboratory and electronic equipment. A complete change has taken place. Everywhere there is the hustle which can come only from men with a great incentive. Reason: the I. A. boys have suddenly become struck with space fever, and the I. A. shop has become the nucleus of research on all outer space projects. The ultimate goal is the conquest of space.

Under the very able leadership of Dr. Tinker-von Doowta, the I. A. scientists have already made tremendous progress toward their goal. Several small test rockets have been fired, and the information gathered from these flights has been very valuable.

The center of activity is around the tremendous space vehicle under construction in the center of the research laboratory. With its shining nose pointing toward the heavens and with its great silver fins for guidance, the missile is a spectacular sight. When this space vehicle is completed, man will attempt his first venture into outer space.

So, if you are peacefully sleeping in the uncomfortable seats of Norway High and are suddenly awakened by a deafening roar, a blinding flash, and a tremendous shaking of the earth, you will know that the I. A. space vehicle has been fired, risen from the ground, and successfully fallen to the earth in pieces.

—A. Frechette

MOTHER OF THE ARTS

Music and poetry exist in time; painting and architecture in space; yet the mother of the arts is a dance. Dancing consists of rhythmical patterns of movements which man creates with his own body before he uses substance and word to give expression to his inner experiences. The dance breaks down the distinction between body and soul, emotions and controlled behavior of social life, play, religion, battle and drama—all the distinctions that a more advanced civilization has established.

There is no art which includes so much. The dance carries a person away from the monotony of every day life. It becomes a sacrifical rite, a charm, and a prayer.

On no occasion in the life of primitive people could the dance be omitted. For marriages and

deaths, for planting and harvesting, for celebrations of chieftains, for hunting, war, and feasts, the changes of the moon, and sickness—for all these the dance was needed.

The dance on paper cannot be the same as the dance in performance, as it represents just one gesture, which is like hearing only one note of a piece of music or one word of a poem.

Looking across the dance horizon, one can see the rising standards in the dance schools for professionals, the growth in summer dance centers, expansion of dance in public schools, private schools, colleges, and universities. Only when we take into account such examples do we begin to comprehend that the dance in its essence is simply life on a higher level. One realizes that as the art of dance in America has flowered in our theaters, so has it budded in our halls of learning.

—G. Baker

HOMEWORK

Homework is really heavy now.
My books are in a pile.
But I will try to do it
And do it with a smile.
We come to school to try to learn
The right things from the wrong.
And if we want to learn these things,
Then we must work along.
So, if your homework gets you down,
Remember just one thing.
The teachers hate to make us work;
They'd rather make us sing.

—L. Lahti

THE SEASON OF ENJOYMENT

I prefer spring to any other season. Unlike the implacable cold of winter with formidable winds rushing to swallow you, the tenuous, dancing breath of spring tempts anyone to frolic in this benign land. The cool, sweet-smelling air envelopes you in the plentitude of nature's offerings. The botanical offerings include incredible flora, and many a lucrative walk can be made in the woodlands. The cool mountain springs that bubble from the dark, soggy earth hold sparkling water that reminds you of the milky-way on a fair spring night.

Unlike the infamous heat of summer with dust flying and choking you, grain pollens causing you to have hay fever, the spring emanates showers that keep the earth just right. The grass and trees coalesce to give you a prodigious amount of sightseeing. The unmitigated beauty of the forests, the brooks and fields, or just the landscape in common cannot be equaled by any other season. The frogs and "peepers" thrill you with their august croaking. The lakes round about, just free of ice, reflect the spring sunset splashed with lines of red and gold.

Unlike autumn, which brings the destruction of malevolent and gentle animals, the spring is the time when life begins. The nimble, dainty, little, tan fawn, splashed with white, finally succeeds in rising from his fern bed, and a cute little chipmunk nearby tenderly cares for her young. The bear in the fern glade plays with her cubs.

Yes, spring is, and always will be, the happiest season of all.

—L. Austin

SONNET: COURAGE

Just watch the lasting courage of a child
Who struggles with those first steps of his own;
Observe the triumph in his radiant smile;
He's happy 'cause he did it all alone.
The strength that drove him to his destination
Was strength that no one else could ever lend,
For it was built of pure determination
Which cannot be supplied by mortal men.
It is the courage given to us all
To face each phase of life without despair.
It helps us rise whenever we may fall.
It can be found in faith in God and prayer.
So like a child who stands and tries again,
If we have courage, then we too can win.

—J. Broderson

THE SUBWAY

Listen! The subway is coming. As it speeds toward its destination, the faint rumbling gets louder until the noise is almost deafening. For an instant you feel like running, but it doesn't last long. While you are standing in line with the other passengers, the dark, cold feeling of a dungeon envelopes you with all its awe and mystery. Finally the brakes slowly let go with a loud hiss, and the train obligingly moves forward with its few passengers aboard. Inside, the air is stale, smelling strongly of smoke. There is no scenery except for the gray walls and the occasional flicker of lights as you roar past. The station now appears before you, and in an instant with a tremendous jerk your journey comes to an end. As suddenly as it arrived, it is gone again through the long, black tunnel.

—P. Crane

THE LIFE OF A DOLLAR BILL

As I first remember it, I was sailing along in the back of a big car, not knowing where I was going. It was a strange feeling to be going somewhere and not quite sure where: however, you felt that you were secure in the sturdy

hands of that huge creature behind a big round thing that he turned sometimes one way and sometimes the other. Finally my friends and I reached a big brick building which I think they called a bank. We were picked up and carried into the building and were there locked in a big room, the door of which made a loud noise when you closed it. During the night my friends and I wondered what they were going to do to us the next day, but when morning came they took us out of the big room and squeezed us in a box-like affair which closed when someone pushed it. It was dark and stuffy inside until some one came to open it again. My friends kept going one by one and suddenly it was my turn. I felt proud, as I had finally made it to the top, but suddenly a hand closed around me and squeezed me so tightly I could hardly breathe. Next I was put into the hands of a nice elderly lady, but then I had to go into something-or-other that she carried in her hand. It smelled so much like some kind of stuff that women put behind their ears that I was very glad when she finally opened it to take me out. I heard someone say: "Now, Mabel, you know you can't squeeze into a size twenty, even if you hold your breath."

I didn't know what they meant by a size twenty, but I knew what it was to be squeezed, and I felt sorry for the lady.

Again I went back into a little box-like thing which made a dinging noise when you pressed a few little knobs. It was here that I met some new friends, but I didn't stop very long. That same day someone gave me to a young girl who talked and giggled. When she put me inside a little thing she had in her hand, I don't think she pushed hard enough on the little button; because just as she stepped through the door, a little breeze came along, and I went sailing through the air. I landed in a puddle of water which was moving slowly toward some big hole in the street. From this hole came a noise of dripping and gushing water.

Won't someone come and pick me up?—Quick! ! !

—B. Holden

SPACE TRAVEL

Although some people may say that wanting to travel in space is immoral and that it would be invading God's domain, there is another side to the story. Just as man has gone to all corners of the world, it is only natural that he should want to go to the distant planets. The exploring of space is just another step in man's attempt to quench his great curosity which is as old as man himself. What will it be like out there? Will there be anything living? Might there be other humans out there somewhere? These are questions about which we all wonder just as 16th century explorers wondered what lay across the oceans. The most notable wonder since the world became partly known was the stars. The ancient Greeks had already begun to study the heavens, although they still wondered if one would fall from the edge of the world if he went too far. Even now, with the earth populated by humans in almost every spot, certainly not everything is known about the planet on which we live. In just the same way it will be a long, long time before everything is known about space.

—A. Braun

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE DANCE FLOOR

Our King may be seen everywhere, from the great ballrooms to the small dives—he sways in time with the beat. With arms uplifted as if in awe of God and feet flying like two jet propellers on a Russian Sputnik, he commences to "Rock an' Roll"; and that's what he does. Through no fault of his own, he doesn't roll on the floor as the term implies—there just isn't room; but he certainly can rock—not only himself but the whole building. In his trancelike state our King becomes a combination of Ricky Nelson and Elvis Presley—a blank face and a wriggling body.

Our Autocrat of the Dance Floor is not subject merely to "Rock an' Roll," although he prefers it to the slower type music. But whatever is played he won't be caught on the sidelines. Take a waltz, for example; he can't do this one alone—he must have a partner; so he grabs a girl and swings, or maybe throws her out on the floor. With his left arm straight out and rigid as an iron bar—it doesn't matter how many people get poked in the ribs; that arm doesn't bend—and shuffling his feet about an inch and a half with each movement he proceeds to travel over the floor, squeezing the poor girl until she is blue in the face.

This King of Dance doesn't seem to enjoy the waltz as much as he might, but just wait until a polka is played—but don't wait until he's started, get out first; when the music starts that crazy beat, something happens; he can't stand still, and suddenly he is transformed into a galloping maniac! He whirls around the floor like a raging forest fire, mowing down everything in his path until he is quite spent and exhausted but very happy.

After an exciting evening such as our King has had, he arrives home weary to the bone: but I'm sure you can understand that look of self-satisfaction on his face. It isn't everyone who has the distinction of being considered—at least in his own mind—King of the Dance Floor.

—G. Hoyle

THE WORLD IS A WHEEL ALWAYS TURNING

The world is a wheel always turning; sometimes we're on top and other times we're on bottom. Some people are luckier or more capable than others, and when they reach the top, they let the rest of the wheel roll by and cling to the top. The world always turns its bright side to everyone as it turns untiringly around. We have only to take this bright side and work for what we would attain.

—J. Eliot

THE MOST EXCITING DAY IN THE YEAR

To me there isn't anything so exciting as the first day of the deer hunting season. Let's start the night before the opening day to get the smell and feel of excitement. The boys in camp are all sitting around telling tales about how they out-smarted their first big buck. The air in the cabin is full of oil and grease from the guns and boots. The light goes out early, for tomorrow will be a long day. The following morning before the sun is up, the bacon and eggs are frying, and the boys are dressing for a long, hard day. As soon as it is light, we step out the door and load the guns. Two by two we travel up the mountain, hoping to push the deer into one another. My uncle and I head straight up the trail. After reaching a point where we can see into a valley a quarter mile long, we sit down to wait. Then come five fast shots from down the slope; our eyes strain, rifles cocked, everything tense and quiet. A few minutes later the big stag comes loping gracefully up the slope, failing to see us watching his every movement. I am to take the first shot. What an experience! The rifle comes up and into its place as the sights line even with the old stag's belly. The rifle roars, and the buck falls to his knees. Rising quickly he leaps across the stream and heads for the farther slope.

We are up and after him; the chase is another of the hunter after the hunted. The going is the roughest I have ever experiencd. Bushes brush against my face as my feet try to find a foot-hold in the rough terrain. A rock here and a bush there show a spot of blood. Then suddenly at our left a brush pile seems alive as the big fellow tries to find footing and heads down the slope. The carbine comes up, and two shots pierce the air. The buck is still moving toward the stream in the valley. His bleeding has all but stopped, and we are tired from the long chase. Back at camp everyone tells how close he came, and one of them has a large doe to prove it.

Since that day for the past three years I have seen the big boy a few days before hunting season. He is old now, and his hair has turned gray, but his knowledge of out-smarting hunters increases each year. I learned something from that old one and will help him in every way I can to survive the hunting season. He knows I will never shoot at him again.

—J. Alberi

IT SNOWED

A day or two ago it snowed,
And then it snowed some more.
But most of us around these parts
Have seen that stuff before.
Some years we have two or three feet;
Other years it's more or less,
But come what may as years roll around
We are bound to get a mess.
Before my time, I understand,
The storms were really whoppers,
But the one we had last weekend proved
To be a freight train stopper.
Yes, without doubt, the olden winters
Were something to behold.
And I'll bet to the kids of '99
The same tall tales were told.
To us it was just a squall.
It really doesn't matter,
Yet the old folks still chatter
That we've had storms worse than that.
But the weather bureau states
That up to this date
The bigger ones their record books missed
From these records we know.
And that goes to show
That memories sometimes do twist.
So who cares how much snow one has seen.
By the Fourth of July I'll bet the grass will be green.

—L. Grover

A WINTER SCENE

In a small clearing deep in the Northern woods stands a lonely little cabin. Tiny beams of light bravely shine through the windows as if displaying defiance to the dark, gloomy world. A huge wolf-like dog slowly paces back and forth the length of its chain, its nose lifted to the night breeze.

Slowly the large yellow moon rises over the snow-capped mountains. The gloom vanishes and the world is enveloped in a soft radiance. The trees cast dark, mysterious shadows over the gleaming snow, and the ice-covered lake which winds its way through the dusky woods is transformed into a glittering, white ribbon as it shows mysterious shadows timidly coming and quickly returning to the dark forest.

The sky is a deep blue sprinkled with tiny twinkling stars which signal each other with their blinking. In the distant sky a star falls

and leaves a beautiful trail which disappears almost as soon as it appears.

On the lonely mountain slope stands a magnificent gray wolf with its nose pointed toward the northern lights. It sends out a long mournful howl. Faintly it reaches the wolf dog that is tied before the cabin, and he stops his uneasy pacing long enough to send back a sorrowful cry. That cry tells better than words how the dog longs to be free, roaming the silent woods with the wolf pack, or standing on some mountain slope watching the peaceful world below.

The scene is lonely perhaps, but it possesses a haunting beauty, such as a summer night with its running streams and rustling leaves can never portray.

—G. Paakkonen

"THE SECRET OF MR. SANDERSON"

The chilling wind and feathery snow whipped around the corner of Fern Street and whistled down Walnut Avenue, which was buzzing at full speed with the business of the day. The faces of the Santa Clauses with their pillow-stuffed pot bellies and false beards were very red from the bitting cold, and they rang their little bells fiercely, for the bottom of their little iron pots were barely covered with money.

Henry Sanderson trudged slowly along the street as if he were afraid of falling, for the sidewalk was slippery. It was the noon-hour, and he was going to his usual coffee shop for a quick lunch.

Now Mr. Sanderson was the definite "Mr. Milquetoast" character—a man of fifty years; small in appearance, but big-hearted; light complexion; small, beady blue eyes; and thin, light brown hair, slightly bald on top. He was bundled up very warmly with a heavy overcoat, boots, muffler, and hat pulled down low; his hand clutched tightly a dark brown leather briefcase.

As he entered the coffee shop, the little bell above the door tinkled gaily. Henry removed his outside clothing, hung it on the rack, but kept his newspaper and briefcase with him; then took his usual seat at the corner table. When the waitress came with the menu, Henry eyed it cautiously, and remembering that this was Saturday, he ordered his usual "Saturday special"—a toasted cheese sandwich, a cup of coffee, and apple pie for dessert.

The apple pie always made him think of the home and family which he never had; for Henry was a lonely bachelor, his parents having long since passed away, and he had no relatives who lived near what he now called home. Henry had worked at the same bank for almost twenty-five years and would be retiring after January 1 to live on a meager pension. For twenty-five long years he had labored five full days a week and half a day on Saturday. He had always got up at 7:00 a. m., dressed, and then eaten breakfast at a cafeteria near his home. During his lunch hour he had always eaten at the coffee shop and then returned promptly for the afternoon's work. Leaving at 5:00 p. m., he crept tiredly home and spent the evening listening to the radio, doing puzzles, or just reading magazines or books. Sundays were not much different. He had done these same things, day in and day out, for twenty-five years, and in a few weeks he would suddenly stop all this hurried routine. At times he thought about what he would do all day—there was no place he could go, for his pension was not sufficient. Well, only time would tell.

Having ordered his lunch, Henry settled back to read his newspaper. On the front page he glanced at the headlines of a feature story. The story told about the bank in which Henry worked having been robbed of $50,000 the day before by an unidentified person or persons. There were no clues or traces as to who or where the culprit was, and it seemed the person had made a clean sweep. A mischievous smile played at the corners of Henry's mouth, and he laughed inwardly, as though relieved at something mysteriouss and patted his briefcase which was lying on his lap.

After his lunch had come and he had eaten, he tipped the waitress generously and got up to leave. He put on his heavy clothing, and taking his briefcase in his hands, he paid for his meal and left. The little bell above the door tinkled sadly, as thought it knew that it would soon be losing the old friend whom it had known for such a long time.

Henry seemed to step along the sidewalk more surely now, as if something had lifted a great burden from his shoulders, and he seemed to be happy, smiling as he went. At the corner he paused and looked admiringly at the colored lights and the Christmas decorations in the proudly decked windows. Another year would soon be gone, but Henry didn't seem to think now of what he would do after retiring; he seemed to have a knowing satisfaction within himself, as if it had been planned for years. He pulled his coat tightly around him and added willingly to the contributions in the little iron pot on the corner, as though money no longer mattered. The Santa Claus who stood beside the pot rang his bell cheerfully, as though the money was being given to him, and Henry Sanderson walked briskly down Fern Street and home to his little, two-room apartment, smiling to himself and patting his briefcase. The chilling wind and feathery snow whipped around the corner of Fern Street and whistled down Walnut Avenue, which was buzzing at full speed with the business of the day.

—J. Bowser

THE OCEAN

The ocean is a very strange and mysterious place, spreading over three-fourths of the earth's surface. Like many people, the ocean has many different moods—gay, causing small jovial waves; angry, producing monstrous, perilous waves which gather any possible object which comes in contact with them. Under a cold, crisp winter sky, it has a sullen, eerie appearance, the waves like weird apparitions. At times the sea looks like a glossy mirror which has just been polished, reflecting the heavens above, ruling the widespread world which it embraces. When the great, cool, gentle waves rush against the shore, spreading their huge majestic arms, it seems as if they could run forever, but eventually they withdraw to their deep salty waters. The sea, a place which is forever lonely, contains many rare and valuable products. A main source of transportation for many people, it is truly of great importance.

—B. Terry

A DAY IN THE SAND

I like to spend my leisure time in the summer at the shore. Upon arrival I spread my blanket and then at once proceed to take a swim in the cool refreshing water. When I finish, I return to my blanket and make myself comfortable. Immediately I feel the hot sand beneath me which burns pleasantly and then feels cooler. I allow the bright sunlight to engulf me, warm and dry on my skin. Occasionally a billowy white cloud passes over the sky, and a breeze fans me, sending delicious shivers of coolness down my spine. Shifting the coarse sand between my fingers, I dig deeper with my feet, reaching the cool dampness beneath. Being tired from the long swim and with the sound of the sea pleasantly monotonous in my ears and the warmth of the sun, I'm tempted to sleep. Just then an icy wave appears with unannounced suddenness over my feet, up my ankles and rests an instant about my knees, then departs for reinforcement. With an amused exclamation I arise, brushing and shaking the loose sand from me. After a slight stretch I stroll leisurely up the beach to return home.

—M. Noyes

BREWING COFFEE

On a crisp, cold winter's morning, a pot of coffee brewing excitedly on the stove gives forth a refreshing aroma which alone will awaken me from a deep sleep. The aroma drifts throughout the house trying to find someone on whom it can cast its charmed spell. As I inhale the smell of fresh coffee, I awaken and have a wonderful new outlook on life. The rich brown coffee bubbles gaily from the spout of the coffee pot, flowing evenly and smoothly until it comes to rest in the cup. Sitting there sipping the piping hot beverage, I feel, as I swallow the coffee, a warm glow within me. The steam which rises from the cup, intermingled with the tempting aroma, seems to say, "Come, sip me, for I will give you a lift from your early morning fatigue."

—R. Johnson

A HUNTER'S DREAM

I had been sitting in the cool, crisp November air for about half an hour, when in the distance, I heard the snap of a twig which pierced the silence of that morning. Then the silence returned. Not knowing what had snapped the twig, I listened intently, waiting, hoping that somewhere in the distant depth of the forest a deer would step into the small but well-situated clearing. It seemed like hours of waiting; then, suddenly it happened! The deer in its red-brown winter coat, glittering in the morning sunlight, stepped cautiously into the clearing surrounded by a dark green wall of succulent smelling pines. My heart jumped with excitement when I noticed that he had a set of shining white antlers, giving him an air of greatness and lordship in his world. Then the north-westerly breeze shifted slyly to a westerly direction, sending my unwelcome scent to the majestic buck. The moment the deer caught my scent it quickly lifted its head, looked my way, then turned and leaped noiselessly into the safe and secure wall of dark green forest.

—G. Tikkanen

MOUNTAIN RESCUE

Rescuing amateur mountain climbers is one of the many things a park ranger has to do. This particular party had successfully climbed one of the highest mountains in the park and was making the descent when the accident occurred. One brave climber had foolishly tried to cross a snow bridge rather than use a fir pole left by a previous party. The snow had given away and the man had fallen to his death in the crevasse fifty feet below. Regardless of the circumstances, we still had to rescue the man's body. The rest of the climbing party had come down with a guide with no further mishaps.

The day matched the feelings of everybody; it was bitterly cold and gray. Being sure that the man could not have survived the fall, we could have waited until the next day; but there is always that one chance in a hundred, so we started with only two hours of daylight left.

Three of us had been selected to go because of the limited space and pay load of the helicopter. Gloomily we climbed aboard and the pilot took off for the site of the accident.

The easiest approach was from a narrow ridge above the crevasse. The ridge was large

enough to hold only the three of us and our equipment once we had been lowered from the helicopter.

The wind was blowing so hard that we had to lie down while working. I had been the lucky one to be the first down into the crevasse. There was an overhang at the edge, which looked very treacherous. Rather than climb over it and risk burying the man below in snow, I chose to dig through it. After ten minutes of hard digging, I succeeded in making a hole 3 ft. wide through the overhang. Dropping the rope through the hole, I proceeded to lower myself and start down the crevasse wall, followed closely by one of my companions with the equipment. The third member of our team stayed on the top to secure the ropes and pull us up when necessary. At every step I dug my crampons deeply into the ice to avoid slipping, and as tiny chips of ice flaked off, I could hear them clatter on the bottom, far below. The nearer we got to the bottom, the narrower the crevasse became. I began to wonder if we could even reach the man.

We wedged the litter between the walls and used it as a platform on which to work. Then came the problem of reaching the man. His body was wedged five feet below us in a place so narrow we hardly dared to breathe. The only way to do it was to take turns lowering each other head first into this space and slowly chipping a place large enough to slip a rope around his shoulders so that we could lift him out. Finally we succeeded in lifting the body and placed it on the litter. Then my companion pulled the rope to lift the litter from he crevasse. I was elected to stay in the crevasse to guide it.

I never felt so lonely in my life as I did those fifteen minutes, wedged between two walls of ice in a dark crevasse, knowing one move or slip would mean an icy grave. Then the most blessed sight in the world was the glow from the flashlight tied to the rope being lowered to me.

Once on top we signaled for the helicopter which would return us with our burden to the warmth of civilization.

—R. Cleveland

TODAY'S HORSELESS CARRIAGE

Automobiles have come a long way since the first one was invented. It was exactly what people called it, a horseless carriage. It was built from a carriage and a combination of gears, pulleys, and other parts such as a simple two cycle engine. The engine was connected to the rear wheels by a few nuts, bolts, and other metal parts.

Of course, everyone was skeptical at first, but as the car became more common, people began to realize that they couldn't hold back progress.

When Henry Ford started mass production, it was possible for many people to afford automobiles. That mass production was started didn't mean that the automobile building industry was perfected.

Electric starters and lights replaced cranks and gas lights; new and improved ways were discovered to make tires and other parts necessary for the industry to advance.

As time passed, larger and better engines were constructed and finally the V-8 which is still common today. Overhead valves, high compression engines, and down-draft carburetors replaced the simple parts formerly used.

Automatic transmission in 1939 with hydraulic brakes helped make the cars safer and easier to drive. Soon after this, manufacturers began to realize the need for streamlining. At such high speeds (60 to 90) the wind resistance on the box shaped cars was very great.

From this they made the car of today which is a mass of automatic gadgets, such as: power windows, power tops, power radios, power brakes, power steering, power seats, power aerials, automatic transmissions, automatic headlight dimmers, automatic load levelers and even automatic lubrication. Some of the engines have a compression ratio of 10.6 to 1 and horsepower of over 350, 0 to 60 m p h in less than seven seconds. Air cooled brakes which adjust automatically make cars controllable at higher speeds.

The automobile industry has not yet reached its peak.

—H. Johnson

AS DARKNESS APPEARS

The day is done, and darkness falls from the wings of night as a feather is wafted downward from an eagle in his flight. How still the hour of this calm, silent night! The moon's silvery beams and the stars that gem the sky are exhilarating to the eye. The zephyr's low song seems to whisper to the world, "goodnight." As a person who has isolated himself from crowds wanders through the tall, murmuring pines, he is able to breathe the joys of the balmy breeze. No hour of the day is so sweet and so still as when weary hands from toil are released. Darkness wraps his arms around the earth, and with twinkling eyes keeps silent so people may rest.

—M. LaBossiere

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF SYDNEY CARTON

A great man—a lowly man, a strong man—a weak man, a noble man—a drinking man, a loving man—a man of no affection, the best of men—the least of men, a clever man—a lost

man. Sydney Carton was all of these and more too. He had a handsome face, which had such an undesirable aspect to it one could hardly like the face. He had dark unruly hair, dark attractive eyes, dark skin, dark man, dark life. Yet his mind was so good at law that his fellowmen would hire him to do the cases for them, but he didn't have enough drive to do this for himself. Drink, the staff of his life, the ruler of his life, the destroyer of his life, was always with him and he thrived on it, caring for no man and thinking no man cared for him. Then a woman passed into his life and stirred an emotion within him. This emotion was an undying love for her. If anything was to lift Carton from his despair, it was she, but the weight was too heavy for her alone, and he must help lift from within himself and he would not. She married a man much like his better self, though few realized it. Carton wanted only happiness for her and when he pledged his love to her, he also pledged his life if ever in the case of her happiness it was needed. Thus during the French Revolution, Carton's chance for proof of this came when her husband was to die at La Guillotine. Calm, serene, unnoticed, and unacknowledged, Sydney died without fear, without malice, without regret. He was at peace with the world and with himself. All that could ever be expected of him, he had done. This was the Sydney Carton who was remembered. He who gave his life for his brother.

—B. Tucker

THE ACCIDENT

Screaming brakes, pierced the still of the night. The coarse rubber of the tires screeched against the hard, black tar as the uncontrolled car skidded from one side of the road to the other. Shattering glass exploded, spreading the small pieces in all directions, and the grinding of metal reverberated as the car met the large gray boulder with a shuddering crash. A series of hollow thumps followed, ending in one big bomb-bursting crash. Now, there was only the terrifying silence out there. Suddenly in the distance was the sound of a high-speed motor blending with the wailing of the police siren filling the night air. The sound of arriving cars, of curious voices, created a low babel of sound as a background for the derisive voices of the police officers and the suddenly screaming victims. The arriving ambulance added to the already confused a sense of reassurance when its rhythmic siren and flashing lights found its way to the scene of the mutilation. At last, the soft purring of departing vehicles restored order to the dark winding highway, and one more accident was over. The sudden silence was as deafening as any dynamic explosion could ever be.

—W. Tyler

ALUMNI

1897

Buck, (Abbott) Emma, Lancaster, N. H.
Eisenwinter, (Bicknell) Grace, 1104 Hamilton Ave., Watertown, Conn.
Flint, (Titcomb) Emma, Deceased
Gammon, Clare, Deceased
Hersey, (Farnham) Ella, Deceased
Hodsdon, (Robinson) Grace, Deceased
Kenerson, (Frost) Sadie, Deceased
Laferriere, Alfred W., Deceased
McKeen, (Adams) Blanche, Deceased
Partridge, Victor, Deceased
Richardson, Charles, W. Paris, Maine
Richardson, (Gammon) Myrtle, Reading, Mass
Robinson, Charles, Deceased
Sanborn, Agnes, Deceased
Sanborn, Walter A., Deceased
Stearns, Fred, Deceased
Warren, (Chapman) Lora, Montpelier, Vt.

1902

Bean, (Hersey) Clara, Deceased
Bennett, (Grant) Charlotte, Deceased
Black, Ella, Deceased
Bodkin, A. H., Cumberland, Maine
Brooks, (Gammon) Alice, Norway
Burnell, (Witman) Lola, Deceased
Caswell, (Shedd) Josephine, Deceased
Cole, Harry V., Deceased
Cowan, (Phinney) Marguerite, Deceased
Cullinan, Walter P., Norway
Finney, Jameson, Farmington, Maine
King, (Partridge) Evelyn, Deceased
Martin, (Kimball) Sadie, Auburn, Maine
Ripley, (Stevens) Charlotte, Deceased
Roberts, Thaddeus, Norway
Smith, Fred E., Norway
Steward, (Decoster) Addie, Norway
Wilson, (Hill) Ida, Portland, Maine

1907

Dow, (Frost) Lucy, Norway
Foss, (Chase) Bessie, Norway
Foster, (Brett) Addie, Deceased
Hammond, (Schnuer) Alice, Norway
Hatch, (Noble) Lona, Wethersfield Conn.
Holden, (Frost) Goldie, Norway
Kneeland, Ralph, Norway
Leavitt, George C., Bridgton, Me.
Leavitt, (Frost) Nona, Bridgton, Me.
Mann, Abner, Deceased
Morrell, (Frost) Ruth, Auburn, Maine
Thibodeau, Earle, Stoneham, Mass.
Wiles, (Schenk) Louise, Norway
Young, (Boynton) Fannie, Deceased

1912

Bartlett, Carroll A., Deceased
Bennett, (Cameron) Gladys, Wilson's Mills, Maine
Bicknell, Hazel E., Norway
Brooks, Hubert, Harrison, Maine
Brown, Cecil, Deceased
Church, (Bangs) Helen, Fresno, Cal.
Edwards, (Pike) Azola, Norway
Fogg, Merle, West Hartford, Conn.
Henderson, (Barker) Marjorie, Portland, Maine
Hill, (Nash) Berenice, Norway
Hobbs, Albert, Portland, Maine
Howe, Ora, Deceased
Jordan, (Groves) Hazel, Freeport, Maine
King, (Bradbury) Freda, Deceased
Leavitt, William H., Norway
Maxim, Cecil, So. Paris, Maine
Mixer Rupert, Detroit, Michigan
Packard, Elmer D., Norway
Bunker, (Mills) Amy, Bethel, Maine
Ross, (Watson) Ava, Hollis Center, Maine
Russell, (Knight) Beryl, Norway
Sullivan, (Dunn) Helen, Deceased
Swett, Francis H., Deceased
Welch, Donald, "Forrest Home", Ithaca, N. Y.

1917

Battles, (Sheldon) Louise, Vineland, New Jersey
Briggs, (Chandler) Evelyn, Brooklyn 17, N. Y.
Buck, Adna S., Deceased
Cullen, (Jones) Katherine, East Stoneham, Maine
Edwards, (Tracy) June, Oxford, Maine
Evirs, Raymond, 88 Belfort St., Portland, Maine
Gibson, Leslie E., West Paris, Maine
Hosmer, (Noyes) Mildred, Norway
Hosmer, Paul F., Deceased
Klain, Peter W., Deceased
Lebroke, Willard R., Skowhegan, Maine
Mixer, Virginia M., 930 Park Ave., Plainfield, N. J.
Newcomb, (Gammon) Mary, Norway
Pendexter, Hugh, Jr., 24 Carpenter Lane, Philadelphia 19, Pa.
Sizer, (Pike) Esther, Westfield, Mass.
Sloan, Leona M., 409 Smith St., Peekskill, N. Y.
Spofford, Stephen E., 149 Broad St., Lynn, Mass.
Staples, (Hunt) Emugene I., Oxford, Maine
Thomas, (Pottle) Betty, W. Bloomfield, N. Y.
Tucker, Weslie E., Norway
Tufts, (Sessions) Bertha, Wolfeboro, N. H.
Twitchell, (Bartlett) Frances, Norway
Ward, (Russell) Florence, Deceased
Witham, (Smith) Ruth, 518 Jackson St., San Antonio, Texas

1922

Bennett, (McAllister) Frances, Bethel, Maine
Bradford, Alton, Norway
Brown, Theodore, 25 Ninth St., Berlin, N. H.
Curtis, (Littlefield) Catherine, Norway
Dyer, Clarence, Deceased
Gammon, (Beck) Doris, East Sumner, Maine
Harding, (Perry) Mabel, Norway
Henry, (Cummings) Doris, State Hospital, Augusta, Maine
Knightly, Albert, 118 North Main St., Concord, N. H.
Knightly, Warren, Bolsters Mills, Maine
Ledger, William, 75 Woodmont St., Portland 4, Maine
Lewis, Francis, 21st. St., Nitro, W. Va.
Luce, (Hall) Virginia, Norway
Lychalk, (Longley) Addie, 108 Ithaca Rd., Ithaca, N. Y.
Mattor, Elsid, Deceased
Morris, (Smith) Eleanor, Norway
Nevers, Paul, Norway
Perkins, Richard, Bethel, Maine
Perry, Carl, Lovell, Maine
Robinson, (Kimball) Verna, Gorham, Maine
Roes, Kenneth, Rockland, Maine
Sawin, Glyndon, 151 Main St., Farmington, Maine
Thurston, Alton, Norway
Tracy, Thelma, Norway
Tucker, Floyd, 213 Summit St., Portland, Maine
Wheeler, (Harwood) Clara, 20 Monument Ave., Marlboro, Mass.

1927

Bachelder, William Graham, Norway
Bailey, (Cobb) Phoebe, 502 Allen Ave., Portland, Maine
Barker, (Twitchell) Marjorie, Bethel, Maine
Brown, Horace A., 53 Tobey Ave., Windsor, Conn.
Conant, (Richardson) Kathryn, So. Paris, Maine
Eastman, (Rich) Frances, Lovell, Maine
Everett, Victor, So. Portland, Maine
Favor, Henry, 1 Murray St.,Norwalk, Conn.
Foster, (Brown) Lois, Oxford, Maine
Garns, (Drake) Katherine, Greene, Maine
Hall, Earl, Deceased
Hasty, Arnold, 14 N. Hampshire Ave., Bradford, Maine

Imming, (Bennett) Marion, Deceased
Johnson, (Burgess) Madlyn, Rangeley, Maine
Lawson, (Longley) Catherine, 3226 Canterbury Ave., Kalamazoo, Michigan
Lewis, Fred E., Norway
Locke, Gary, Gorham, Maine
Mason, (Judkins) Celestine, Plain St., Upton, Mass.
Matheson, Donald, R. F. D., South Paris, Maine
Millett, (Brown) Doris, Norway
Murch, Stanley P., Norway
Newton, John, Box 95, Lisbon, Maine
Parsons, (Smith) Cora, Anchorage, Alaska
Raban, (Cummings) Bernice, So. Paris, Maine
Smith, James, Norway
Whitney, (Towne) Bertha E., Norway

1932

Abbott, Franklin, 18 Reed St., Portland, Maine, R. F. D. 3
Andrews, Harry, North Lovell, Maine
Blossom, (Sharon) Bernice, 1461 Quinipiac Ave., New Haven, Conn.
Brown, Carl, Kittery, Maine
Brown, Oneil, Norway
Brown, Paul, 37 Fair Oaks Park, Needham, Mass.
Clark, (Flint) Helen, High St., So. Paris, Maine
Cordwell, (Bicknell) Gwendolyn, Norway
Dullea, Daniel, Deceased
Durell, (Morrill) Margaret, Norway
Dyer, Henry, Norway
Howe, Theodore, Star Route, Norway
Hunt, Elliott, Norway
Gammon, Urshal, 49 Saxonia Ave., Wyckoff, New Jersey
Goodwin, Robert, Norway
Lafrance, Ernest, 1652 Kipling St., Houston 6, Texas
Lister, (Aldrich) Ismay, Springvale, Maine
Hutchins, Bernard, Reed Road, Livonia, N. Y.
Mayberry, (McAllister) Leona, Welchville, Maine
McAllister, Merle, Bridgton, Maine
McCready, Albert, Norway
McCready, Henry, So. Main St., Pittsfield, Maine
Randall, (Lord) Faye, Norwichtown, Connecticut
Rypka, (Brown) Viola, 33307 Kenilworth Ave., Eastlake, Ohio
Pulkkinen, Lena, Oxford, Maine
Scothorne, Ernest, Lovell, Maine
Smith, George, 19 Howard Ave., Malone, N. Y.
Staples, (Knightly) Margaret, Welchville, Maine
Strout, (Judkins) Marjorie, Gary St., So. Paris, Maine
Tervo, Ina, Quincy, Mass.
Tervo, Thomas, New York
Thurston, (Gurney) Edith, East Stoneham, Maine
Trask, Gwenevieve, Norway
Truman, Walter, Norway
Wheeler, Elsie, Norway
Wiles, Francis, Norway
Witham, Leland, Norway
Yeaton, Jack Laurence, 1220 Main St., W. Warwick, R. I.

1937

Ballard, Vernon L., Portsmouth, N. H.
Bartlett, Francis R., U. S. Army, Germany
Bedard, Nazaire J., Jr., Norway
Bickford, H. Knox, Jr., So. Paris, Maine
Boyce, (Aldrich) Eleanor L., Norway
Calef, Keith R., Deceased
Chute, (Southard) Lois M., 94 Gleckler Road, Portland 5, Maine
Chute, Robert E., 94 Gleckler Road, Portland 5, Maine
Cleaveland, Burton L., Kentucky
Emerson, Robert S., Deceased
Gallant, Leonard A., Deceased
Greenlaw, David S., 183 Weston Rd., Rochester 12, N. Y.
Greenlaw, (Thomas) Wilma L., 183 Weston Rd., Rochester 12, N. Y.
Grover, (Brown) Miriam A., So. Paris, Maine
Grover, Rodney T., So. Paris, Maine
Holt, Leonas F., West Paris, Maine
Huntington, (Decoteau) Marie D., 59 Ellington Street, Dorchester 21, Mass.
Huwyler, Joseph F., Bolsters Mills, Maine
Kimball, (Leland) Bettina V., Otisfield, Maine
Laslin, (Woodworth) Arline C., Winthrop, Maine
Lasselle, Wesley O., Deceased
Murch, (Bailey) Elaine D., Norway
McAlister, Burtrand W., Fryeburg, Maine
McDaniels, Wallace, Waterford, Maine
Niles, (Abbott) Sylvia M., Winthrop, Maine
Nye, Kenneth N., Unknown
Pearson, Arthur W., Seattle, Washington
Quinn, (Richardson) Elise F., Oxford, Maine
Russell, Gleason E., 15 Northeast 171st. St., North Miami Beach, Florida
Sanborn, Sherman D., Mechanic Falls, Maine
Thurston, (Thomas) Mary E., Norway
Truman, Roger B., Norway
Townsend, (Richardson) Leah M., Norway
Verenis, Peter C., Norway
Ward, (Goodwin) Natalie A., So. Paris, Maine
Yates, Iva E., Norway

1942

Additon, Burris, Norway
Ames, Gordon, California
Bailey, Bernard, Little Farm Road, Southington, Conn.
Barker, Milton, Massachusetts
Bean, (Truman) Marietta, Westbrook, Maine
Berger, (Lothrop) Jean, Hazardville, Conn.
Brown, Malcolm, Dover-Foxcroft, Maine
Cadarette, (Gammon) Mary, 7 Edward St., Agawam, Mass.
Carrier, Arthur, Norway
Chase, (Edminster) Winona, Norway
Cleveland, Kenneth
Dignan, Albert, Norway
Durgin, Hugh, Dixfield, Maine
Everett, Marie, Norway
Farwell, (Kilgore) Elizabeth, Oxford, Maine
Files, Frances, East Stoneham, Maine
Flynn, John, 29 Somerset St., Brewer, Maine
Flynn, Rita, Norway
Goodwin, Gordon, So. Paris, Maine
Green, Frank, Welchville, Maine
Greenlaw, John, 109 Summer St., Auburn, Maine
Greenlaw, (Harlow) Virginia, 109 Summer St., Auburn Maine
Grover, Dwight, East Stoneham, Maine
Harlow, Floyd, Deceased
Hathaway, (McKeen) Agnes, So. Paris, Maine
Heath, Clayton, Jr., Norway
Holden, (Gurney) Hazel, Bridgton, Maine
Gray, (Hoff) Eleanor, Unknown
Hollis, (Edwards) Melba, So. Paris, Maine
Howe, Alton, So. Paris, Maine
Howe, (Butters) Arlene, So. Paris, Maine
Kaustinen, Arne, Connecticut
King, (LaFrance) Kathleen, Grenier A. F. Base, Manchester, N. H.
LaBrecque, Alfred, Norway
LaBrecque, David, Norway
Maloon, Richard, Portland, Maine
Maloon, Rachel, Portland, Maine
McAllister, (Hosmer) Pauline, North Waterford, Maine
Myers, Edward, Norway
Nielson, (Buck) Barbara, Gray Lodge Trailer Court, Kittery, Maine
Norton, (Harju) Martha, Norway
Orre, Robert, Norway
Partridge, (Shepard) Mary, Norway
Rand, (Howe) Sybil, Harrison, R. F. D.
Rich, Francis, Norway
Ryan, (Packard) Elinor, Norway
Raymond, Edward, 12 Lynn Drive, South Hadley, Mass.
Schoenling, (Tracy) Clara, Oceana, Ohio
Smith, Jack Rev., Miami, Florida
Starbird, Frances, Norway
Trinward (Greenleaf) Margaret, Bethel, Maine
Upton, Wilson, Haverhill, Mass.
West, (Pottle) Norma, Oxford, Maine
Wiles, Herbert, Minot Ave., Auburn, Maine
Wiley, Harold, Norway
Williams, (Henderson) Edith, 136 Broad St., Lynn, Mass.

1947

Albright, (Hall) Maureen E., Mohnton, Penn.
Allen (Brown) Glenna M., Pecan Grove Trailer Park, Aiken, So. Carolina
Barker, Hubert E., East Stoneham, Maine
Cleaveland, Sherwood Adin, Melvin, Australia
Coffin (Frechette) Jean Natalie, Bryant Pond, Maine

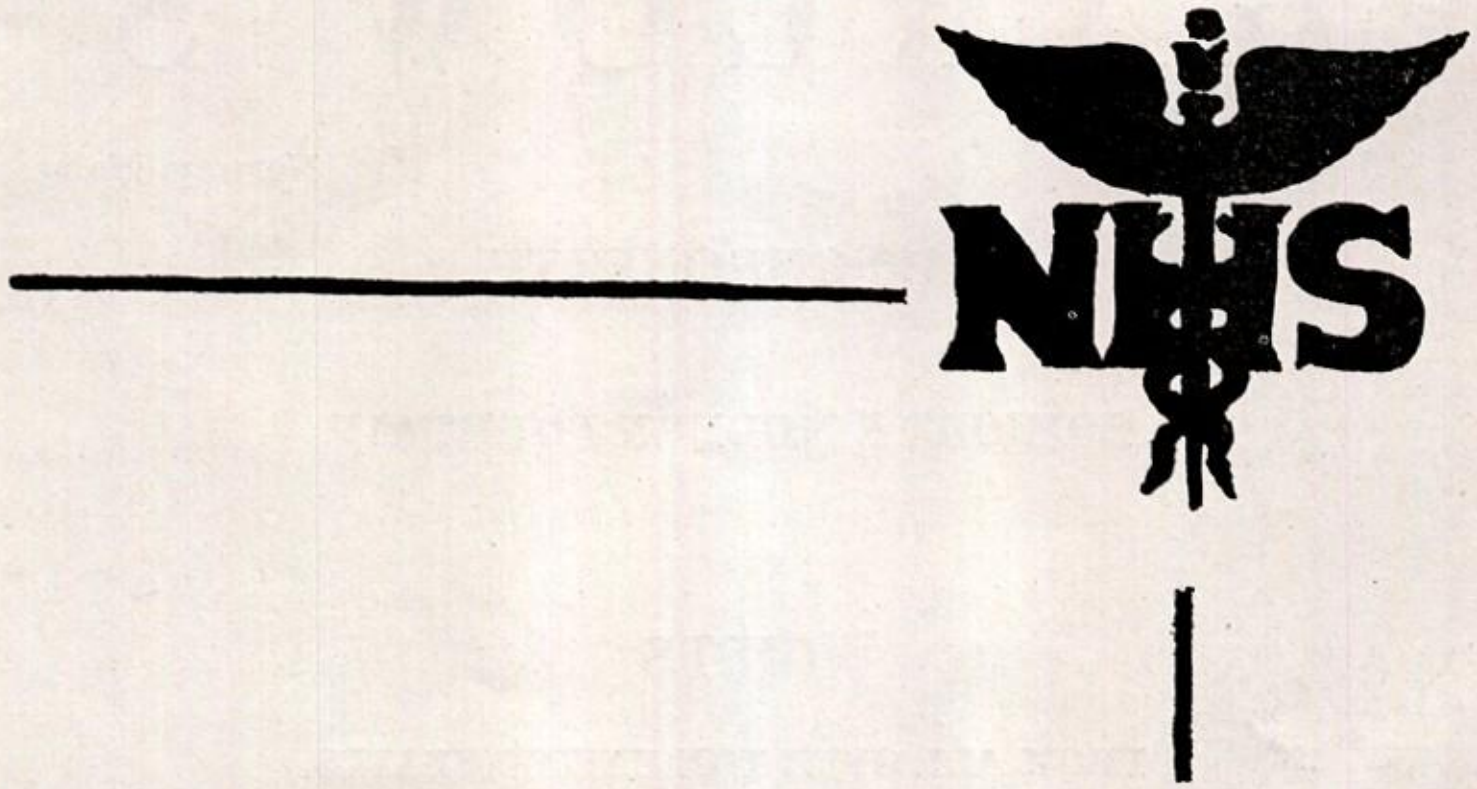
Hazelton (Hall) Frances E., Florida
Conant, Leon E., W. Paris, Maine
Dow, Neil Leonard, Norway
Francis, Edward, U. S. Marine Corps.
Gammon, Stanley, 4 Walnut St., Brattleboro, Vermont
Giles, (Rainville) Viola T., Norway
Goan (Allen) Eleanor I., P. O. Box 60, East Millinocket, Maine
Lord (Goodwin) Ramona, No. Stonington, Conn.
Hall, William H., Jr., Oxford, Maine
Herrick (McAlister) Nancy I., Norway
Jacobson, Everett Raymond, W. Paris, Maine
Lacourse, (Herrick) Ethel V., Norway
Lebroke, Ellsworth A., Kezar Falls, Maine
Longley, John M., Terre Haute, Indiana
Mack, Richard B., Turkey Shore Rd., Ipswich, Mass.
Moore, (Noyes) Ruth, Auburn, Maine
Morse, J. Daniel, So. Paris, Maine
LaBossiere (McKeen) Ruth I., Norway
Noyes, Richard W., 34C Leland Gardens, Plainfield, New Jersey
Packard, Burton A., San Diego, California
Palmer (Perkins) Bernice M., Norway
Parsons (Swett) Elinor V., So. Paris, Maine
Roy (Murphy) Doris E., So. Paris, Maine
Sessions, Elmer W., Caribou, Maine
Sessions (Lapham) Maxine A., Caribou, Maine
Stickney (Millett) Virginia R., Concord, N. H.
Tilley, David, 2730 Navaho Rd., Waukegan, Ill.
Welch, George A., Norway
Wiley, Harry R., 223 Woodfords St., Portland, Maine
York, Charles C., Deceased

1952

Adell, (Brown) Joyce, Paris Hill, Maine
Aldrich, David, Tacoma, Wash.
Allard, Gordon, Harrison, Maine
Allen, Iva, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Andrews, (Smith) Judith, 12 Puritan Rd., Danvers, Mass.
Arsenault, (Bartlett) Cynthia, Norway
Atkinson, Anne, Wheaton College, Wheaton, Ill.
Barker, Lawrence, U. of M., Orono, Maine
Bean, Richard, Oxford, Maine
Brown, Clifton, So. Paris, Maine
Cash, Arlene, Norway
Chase, Joyce, Norway
Crocker, (Holden) Joyce, Norway
Crooker, Robert, Service
Cummings, Bernal, Service
Currier, Glenn, Service
Day, (Tripp) Fay, Norway
Dyer, Donald, Waterford, Conn.
Files, Paul, Service, Greenville, South Carolina
Gallagher, John, U. of M., Orono, Maine
Heino, Martha, Harrison, Maine
Morse, (Henderson) Beatrice, Portland, Maine
Henley, Lita, 417 Whittier N. W., Washington 12, D. C.
Howe, Robert, Service
Libby, Carleton, No. Waterford, Maine
McKowen, (Knightly) Joanne, 11 Hale Ave., Winthrop, Mass.
Millett, Gordon, Turner, Maine
Moore, (Carter) Gloria, 74 No. Main St., Orono, Maine
Morse, (Thurston) Gertrude, Norway
Mudgett, (Anderson) Cheryl, Berkshire, Mass.
Mullen, Edwin, Norway
Nevers, Patricia, Hanover, N. H.
Noble, (Bean) Virginia, Vanceboro, Maine
Palmer, Kurt, Winslow, Maine
Raymond, Bradford, Norway
Saleeby, Jan, U. S. Army, Texas
Skinner, Sylvia, Skowhegan, Maine
Tibbetts, (McAllister) Mildred, Norway
Tilley, Wayne, Plattsville, Conn.
Tracy, Robert, U. of M., Orono, Maine
Tyner, James, Essex Junction, Vt.
Welch, Sandra, Norway
Welton, Earlene, Unknown
Whitman, (Flanders) Winona, Florida
Whitney, Valerie, Boston, Mass.
Pulkkinen, (Wood) Patsy, So. Paris, Maine
York, (Ashton) Susan, Kennebunk, Maine

1957

Allen, Linwood, Gorham State Teachers College, Gorham, Maine
Allen, Paul C., U. S. Navy
Austin, Karen O., R. F. D. No. 2, Norway, Maine
Baker, June R., 55 Main St., Norway
Bartlett, A/B Dean A., Warren A. F. B., Wyoming
Bartlett,, A/3c Robert B., Keesler A. F. B., Mississippi
Brown, Stephen, Norway
Chaplin, (Scribner) Deanna G., Norway
Dresser, (Greene) Maureen C., Portland, Maine
Dudley, Marilyn A., Gorham State Teachers College, Gorham, Maine
Dyer, Keith R., R. F. D. No. 2, Harrison, Maine
Estes, Dorothy J., 263 Main St., Norway
Flood, Maureen, 3102 18th St. N. W., Washington 10, D. C.
Fogg, Donald W., Camp Pendleton, California
Foster, Jessica E., East Waterford, Maine
Gammon, A/3c Emery W., R-G, A. F. B.
Grover, Donna L., Bolsters Mills, Maine
Hill, Gloria A., Norway
Hill, Marjorie E., 1855 Lamont St. N. W., Washington 10, D. C.
Hodges, Herbert H., 3 Orchard St., Norway
Judkins, Raymond H., Marston St., Norway
Lagueux, Robert W., Star Route, Norway
Lambert, Patricia A., 246 Main St., Norway
Littlefield, Linda J., University of Maine
Martin, Jacqueline K., 89 Appleton St., Manchester, N. H.
Millett, (Eaton) Betty J., Waterford, Maine
Montpelier, Peter C., 23 Tucker St., Norway
Morrill, Patricia N., Nasson College, Springvale, Maine
Noyes, Robert C., R. F. D. No. 2, Norway
Paine, Judith G., 25 Beal St., Norway
Parsons, Carroll W., Charleston A. F. S., Dover Foxcroft, Maine
Perry, Dwight B., North Waterford, Maine
Richardson, Robert L., Maine Vocational Tech. Institute, Portland, Maine
Rogers, Shirley M., 12 Cottage St., Norway
Rolfe, Diana A., Norway
Scribner, Kathleen E., Westminster Choir College, Princeton, N. J.
Smith, Eleanor P., 1855 Lamont St. N. W., Washington 10, D. C.
Stearns, Wayne D., Gorham State Teachers College, Gorham, Maine
Swett, A/b Stanley, Shepard A. F. B., Texas
Thurston, Duane C., R. F. D., Norway
Tucker, Sally M., Star Route, Norway
Twitchell, Margaret A., R. F. D. No. 1, South Paris, Maine
Whitman, Mary J., R. F. D. No. 1, Norway
Whitman, Kenneth H., Star Route, Norway
Winslow, (Austin) Jeannine A., R. F. D. No. 2, Norway



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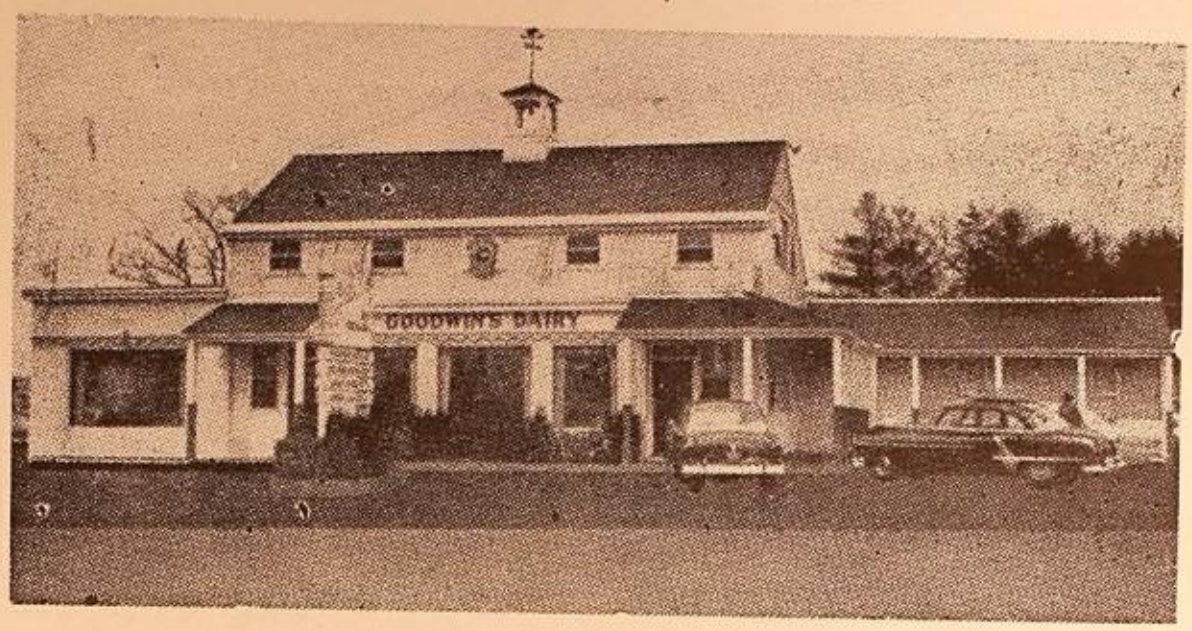
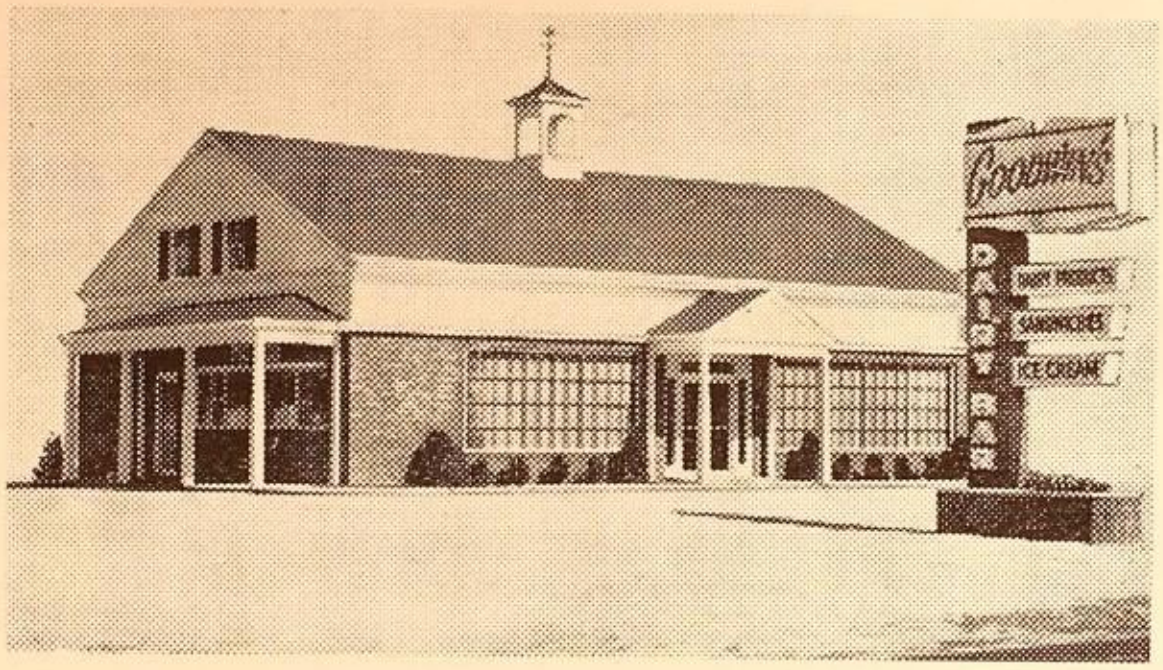
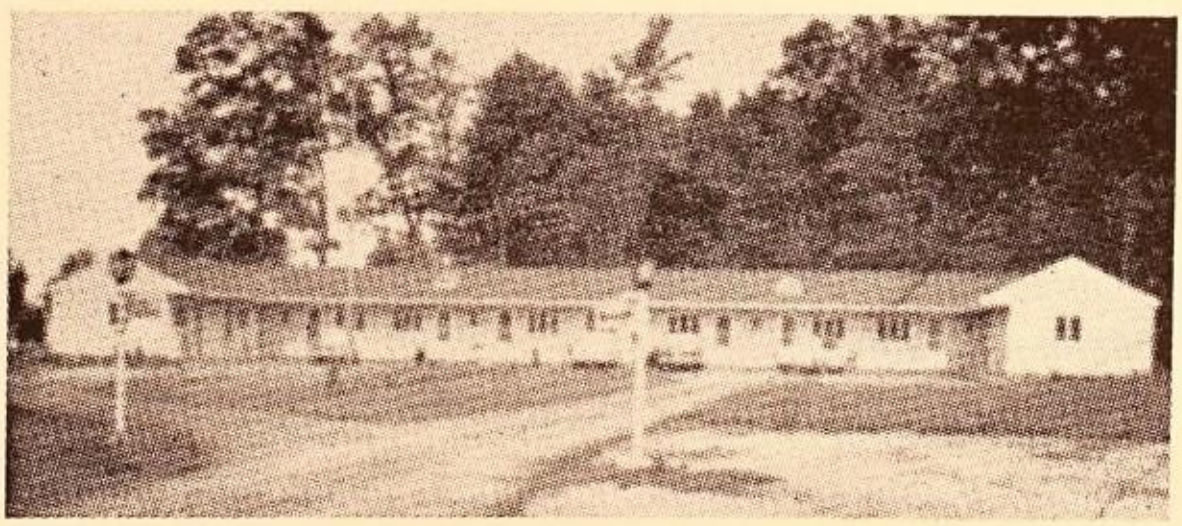


DAIRY BAR
Auburn, Maine



DELICIOUS SANDWICHES

MOTEL
South Paris, Maine



20 UNITS

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Norway High School